

# THE CRITIC: LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LEADERS:—	
To Our Readers.....	3
Peeps into the Literary Circles of London.....	3
Historical Gleanings of the Georgian Era.....	4
PHILOSOPHY:—	
The Alpha; or First Principles of the Human Mind ..	5
BIOGRAPHY:—	
Oxenford's Correspondence of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret.....	6
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
Knox's Game Birds and Wild Fowl.....	7
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS:—	
Letters on Labour and the Poor in France.....	8
FICTION:—	
Merkland. A Story of Scottish Life.....	9
Bells' Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey.....	11
Maria Drury's Eastbury. A Tale.....	12
Ware's Letters from Palmyra.....	12
POETRY AND THE DRAMA:—	
Kenyon's Day at Tivoli.....	13
Death's Jest Book: or the Fool's Tragedy.....	12
Slavery and other Poems.....	13
RELIGION:—	
The Churchman's Pulpit.....	14
True Meaning of Words in Common Use.....	14
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' BOOKS:—	
Leigh Hunt's Table Talk.....	14
Titmarsh's Kickleburys on the Rhine.....	15
Hints for Happy Hours.....	16
The Dream Chintz.....	16
The King of the Golden River.....	16
Mayhew's Comic Almanac.....	16
MISCELLANEOUS:—	
Baroness Von Beck's Personal Adventures during the War of Independence in Hungary.....	16
PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.....	18
MUSIC:—	
New Music.....	18
Musical and Dramatic Chat-Chat.....	18
ART JOURNAL:—	
Talk of the Studios.....	18
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.....	19
NECROLOGY:—	
Lord Nugent.....	20
JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.....	20
Gossip of the Literary World.....	20
The Scrap Book.....	21
The Fun of the Time.....	21
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS:—	
The New Year. By CALDER CAMPBELL.....	21
Scraps from the New Books.....	21
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.....	22
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.....	22
Advertisements.....	1, 2, 22, 23, 24

## To Readers and Correspondents.

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Leading Articles.	Intelligence of—
The Progress of the Exhibition.	Ireland.
Official Gazette.	The Colonies.
The Visitors.	Foreign Countries.
Intelligence of—	Correspondence.
The Metropolis.	Miscellaneous.
Provinces.	Advertisements relating to the Exhibition, and addressed to its Visitors.
Scotland.	

Nos. I. to III. may be had to complete sets. It will be the only complete Record of this event.

It will be published at irregular intervals until the Exhibition opens, and then weekly or oftener as circumstances may require. A Copy as a Specimen sent to any person inclosing four postage stamps to the Publisher at the Office 29, Essex-street, Strand.

ERRATUM.—In THE CRITIC of the 15th December, page 594, column 3, for "by W. Bohner," read "G. W. Röhner."

THE CRITIC:  
LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

## TO OUR READERS.

We fulfil our promise, and present a sheet considerably enlarged and otherwise improved.

This is now the largest Literary Journal in Europe. We hope to make it, also, the most complete.

Our aged contemporary, *The Literary Gazette*, is going down in the world, shrinking in size and price, and descending to take

a place among the low priced periodicals, and to ask the support of another class of the community from that which it has been wont to address.

In this experiment of exchanging the educated few for the as yet uncultivated many, we wish it all success; but we fear that it will not find it as yet, and it can scarcely afford the cost of creating a literary taste among the patrons of the cheap Journals. Dear-bought experience has taught us this. In an early part of the youth of THE CRITIC we reduced its price to *twopence*, supposing that there was a public with literary tastes who could not afford the higher prices. What was the consequence? Not only did we not add a hundred to the circulation, but we offended the better class of patrons who were supporting it, and who could not associate the notion of respectability and a low priced paper.

Not only this, but the Publishers and Book-sellers withheld their Advertisements, asserting, with some truth, that the readers of a "cheap" Journal are not a book-buying class, and therefore, that Advertisements would be wasted upon them.

The experiment proved a total failure, and induced an entire change of policy, the effect of which is as visible to the reader as it is practically felt by ourselves, in the steady increase of a most influential and respectable circulation among the best classes, and the Advertisements of the Publishers, who know what are the hands into which THE CRITIC now passes.

In pursuance of the same policy, instead of quitting the position we have attained, and attempting to take up another among an inferior class, we have preferred to adhere to a price which the higher classes approve, and, by improvements, to make THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL still more worth its cost, and deserving of their approval.

For all the purposes of a Literary Journal, a circulation among the classes who do not care whether it costs them *sixpence* or *fourpence*, provided it pleases them, is more to be desired by Editors, Authors, and Publishers than one which, even if numerically greater, is obtained from a different class. Such a circulation as the former, this Journal now enjoys, and is week by week extending, and we are not willing to exchange it for the latter by any alterations that will place us in a lower rank.

Nor, we believe, is it desired, nor would it be approved by any of our friends, whether Subscribers or Advertisers.

We give below the first of a series of papers, to contain the Gossip of the Literary Circles of London, with sketches of the various personages who appear there, and such glimpses of the sayings and doings there, as readers who are without them would be desirous of learning.

## PEEPS INTO THE LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.

BY ONE AMONG THEM.

DEAR READERS,—It has been suggested to me by my friends, the Editors of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, that an occasional letter, descriptive of the sayings and doings of the London world of literature, art, and science, might probably be acceptable to you, and especially to such of you as are not resident in the metropolis, and who are therefore forbidden the opportunity for personal enjoyment of this most interesting of its social circles. At their request and leave I have undertaken the experiment of addressing to you an

occasional letter, written in the same familiar manner as I should write to an intimate friend, wherein I shall endeavour to report to you what is talked about in these charmed circles, and sometimes to describe the most remarkable personages who make their appearance there. In this I shall follow the fashion of letter writers, and deem no gossip too trivial for repetition, provided it have no malice in it, my intent being to introduce you, as it were, into the very crowd, and convey to you, as faithfully as I can, the impressions made upon my own ears and eyes, so that you may see and know as much about their goings on as is possible without being actually present among them in your own proper persons.

In this introductory epistle I must be brief, for, truth to say, I have been keeping Christmas, and have not found leisure to do more than state my purpose and intimate my plan, if that may be called such which has no plan. The beginning of the report must be deferred until the next number of this Journal.

The society of the literary world of London is conducted after this wise:

There are certain persons, for the most part authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition of a few who can only pride themselves upon being the patrons of literature and art—who hold periodical assemblies of the Notables. Some appoint a certain evening in every week during the season, a general invitation to which is given to the favoured; others are monthly; and others, again, at no regular intervals. At these gatherings the amusements are conversation and music only, and the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, consisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus handed about in the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and wine, at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by common consent, for costliness would speedily put an end to society too agreeable to be sacrificed to fashion. The company meets usually between eight and nine, and always parts at midnight.

I believe that these are the only social circles in London in which inexpensiveness of entertainment is the rule, and hence, perhaps, it is that they are the most frequent, the most social, and the most agreeable.

At these parties there is always an amusing and singular congregation of characters. The only recognised test of admission is *talent*. If a person be remarkable for any talent, no matter what his station in life, here he is welcome. The question *always* asked in the literary circles of London is not, as in other circles, "*what is he?*" but "*who is he?*" Authors, artists, editors, musicians, scientific men, actors and singers, male and female, are grouped together indiscriminately, and peers, baronets, knights, lawyers, doctors, booksellers, printers,—provided they possess this qualification of being authors, artists, or musicians, or be renowned as the patrons of literature, art, or music, here meet together in temporary social equality, but regulated by so much good sense, that it does not lead to familiarity elsewhere.

The rooms in which these assemblies are held vary in size and splendour, from the vast and magnificent saloons of the nobleman to the plain and humble drawing-room of an unfashionable street. But both are enjoyed equally, nor does there appear to be a preference. I have seen the modest residence of Mrs. LONDON, in Porchester-terrace, filled with persons as famous as are to be found in the mansion of Sir T. N. TALFOURD, in Russell-square. The truth is, that the visitors of this class go to see and be seen, to talk and be talked to; for the pleasure of meeting persons, and not for show, or to eat and drink, as at the "ball and supper" which is the established formula of entertainment with the other circles of London society.

But other objects of interest are not omitted. There is always good music, vocal and instrumental, because some of the distinguished vocalists of the time are always among the assembly, and always ready to assist in the mutual entertainment. Artists are invited to bring their portfolios with them; the newest books, engravings, and illustrated works, lie upon the tables. Of conversation there is no lack. Among the *habitués* of this society there are some eminent *talkers*, who always gather round them a knot of attentive listeners, and if the rooms are large you will see several of these circles dotted about, each indicating some personage of note for its centre.

This rude sketch of the external aspect and character of the London literary circles will suffice to convey to my readers some notion of the scene to which, in future letters, I propose to introduce them; and I shall endeavour not only to report what they are talking about (or, at least, so much of it as is of public interest and concernment), but also to describe the most remarkable of the personages who move among the crowd.

## HISTORICAL GLEANINGS OF THE GEORGIAN ERA.

Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.

## CHAPTER I.

[The Author of the series of curious and interesting papers, of which this is the first, while writing the Biography of a distinguished Lawyer and Statesman, had access to a vast mass of original documents, journals, correspondence, &c., not hitherto made public, the most valuable gleanings from which he proposes to throw together in the following.]

The spirit of disaffection, which shortly broke out into open rebellion in different parts of the country, was now beginning to manifest itself very strongly. In one of the newspapers of this time is the following paragraph:—

"May 7.—Mr. B.—r.—b.—k, a Woollen Draper near the Hospital Gate, brought the Effigies of King William into a Balcony, and threw it down to the Mob in such a passionate transport of joy that it cut one of them near the Eye. Then it was that the stuttering Haberdasher cry'd out in plain English, *Throw him in, Throw him in!* And as an Instance of their Disaffection to King George and his Government, they drank a health to the Peer [Lord Bolingbroke,] who is fled from Justice, and to the condemned incendiary, the Parson of St. Andrews; but nobody toasted a drop to King George. The same villainous mob threatens on the 29th inst., which is the Anniversary of the Restoration of King Charles, to burn several Effigies of Persons that are most dear to all true Protestants, and particularly those of *Calvin and Luther.*"

In several of the great towns in different parts of the country, mobs arose at this time, and celebrated the birthday of the Pretender by ringing of bells and bonfires, which was in many instances followed by the destruction of meeting-houses. This was particularly the case at Bristol, Leeds, Wolverhampton, Warrington, and Stamford. Considerable alarm of an invasion by the French on behalf of the exiled royal family was at this time felt, and a military camp was formed in Hyde-park. Several disaffected persons were whipped through the streets of London at a cart-tail. This Hanoverian device for the propagation of loyalty does not, however, appear to have been very successful, and the rebellion gathered strength by the exasperation caused by these proceedings. One of the journals, called *The Flying Post*, published during June, 1715, mentions as follows:—

"There are several letters in Town from Manchester with advice that the Popish, Jacobite, and High Church Mobs assembled there in a rebellious manner last week, and besides many ravages committed on the houses of those who are well affected to His Majesty's Government, they pull'd down the Presbyterian Meeting House there, all but the Walls. They met first on Thursday, increased their Rebellion on Friday, the Pretender's birthday, and continued it with beat of drum till Saturday night, during which they resisted part of the Lord Stair—his Regiment—which was posted there, and drawn out to suppress them. We hear that the officer who commanded them is come up to Town, and that last night he was to make his Report of the said Rebellion to the Council."

The general history of the Rebellion with which the country was at this period distracted, is too well known to be detailed here. But at this time the presence of royalty seems to have at once inspired the populace with a universal feeling of loyalty and devotion to the new sovereign. *The Flying Post* of the 9th of June, 1715, gives the following account of the new King's appearance among, and reception by, his people:—

"Last Monday the King went to Hampton Court, and on Tuesday set out to see the Horse races at Guildford, where he did Sir Ric. Onslow the honour to dine with him; returned again in the evening to Hampton Court, and dined yesterday with the E. of Rochester at Richmond. As this is the first publick diversion which His Majesty has been pleas'd to take since his accession to the Crown, the people of the Country flock'd from all parts to welcome His Majesty with acclamations of Health and long life, and he was saluted in the chief Towns with Ringing of Bells," &c.

A letter, which was written from Hanover in the beginning of the year 1716, contains an account of "a magnificent treat" which was given on the occasion of Prince Frederick (afterwards Prince of Wales, son of Prince George of Wales, and father of King George the Third), entering his tenth year. The young Prince was complimented by all the Court and nobility, and in the evening there was a grand ball, where "all persons of the first character of both sexes were present. The next day," continues the narrator, "there was a splendid course of sleys upon the Ice, each drawn by four or six horses sumptuously adorned. The Ladies, who all sat to view, were clad in various sorts of habits, some being dressed like nuns, some like shepherdesses, others as amazons, some like peasants, &c., which made a most agreeable sight. The evening closed with a Ball,

where all the illustrious company were splendidly treated by M. d'Illon."

A serious misunderstanding, however, occurred during the following year between His Majesty and the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Second), who was at this time residing in England, on the occasion of the christening of the newly-born Prince, the particulars of which will appear from the following memorials, and the letters from the Prince to the King:—

"London, December ye 3rd, 1717.\*—His Majesty being informed that severall Rumours are spread abroad for the most part grounded upon what has lately passed in ye Royall Palace, has commanded me to send you ye following Relation. As soon as the young prince was born, ye King enquir'd what was the practice of the Kingdom in a like case in relation to ye Ceremony of Christening, and having seen by ye Registers, that when 'tis a son and the King is himself Godfather he useth to name one of ye Chief Lords of the Court and most comonly the Lord Chamberlain of ye Household, he named for that function the Duke of Newcastle, who enjoys that place, naming at the same time for Godmother the Dutchess of St. Albans first Lady of Honour to ye Princess. In ye mean-while H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was so vex'd at it, that on Thursday last ye solemnity of the Christening being over, and finding himself no longer master of his resentment, went near to the Duke of Newcastle and gave him very abusive Language, supposing he had solicited that Honour against his Will. The King was still in ye room, but not near enough to hear what ye Prince was saying to ye Duke. The last tho't himself obliged to inform the King of it, and the Prince having confess'd ye thing to ye Dukes of Kingston, Kent, and Roxborough, whom his Majesty sent to him on this occasion, ye next day His Majesty commanded him by a second message not to goe out of his Apartment till new orders. On Saturday the Prince writ a letter to ye King and the day following another, but his Majesty not finding them satisfactory, and having besides severall causes of discontent from ye several proceedings of ye Prince sent him word yesterday in ye afternoon by his vice-chamberlain Mr. Coke to goe out of St. James's Palace, and ye Princess that she might stay as long as she pleased, but as to ye Princesses her Daughters and ye young Prince the King would have them stay near him in ye Palace, but that ye Princess might see them as often as she pleased. In the mean while the Princess not willing to part with the Prince her Husband, both of them went to ye House of the Earl of Grantham their Lord Chamberlain."

"December 3rd, 1717.\*—Your Majesty having commanded us to give you in writing an exact account of what passed between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and us, when by your Majesty's order we had the honour to attend him on Friday last ye 29th of November, we humbly begg leave to acquaint yr Majesty—

"That as near as we can remember the Lord Privy Seal having yr Majesty's signed order in his hand told his Royall Highness, that we were sent by yr Majesty to ask him, if it was true, that he had said to ye Duke of Newcastle

"You Rascall I will fight you."

"To which his Royal Highness answer'd 'I did not say I will fight you, but I said you Rascall I will find you, and I will find him; for he has often fail'd in his Respect to me, particularly on this late occasion, by insisting on standing Godfather to my Son, when he knew that it was against my will; and I should not have suffer'd it, if it had not been in duty to ye King.' He likewise added that 'it was ye right of every subject in England to chuse who shall be Godfather to their Children, and that he would never allow any subject in England to use him ill.'"

"The Lord Steward then desir'd his Royall Highness would consider what answer we should carry to ye King. But his Royall Highness having repeated what he said before—the Duke of Roxburgh took the liberty to say, 'that if his Royal Highness would allow him, he would acquaint him that the Duke of Newcastle had told him, that he had Jegg'd ye King not to have consideration of him on that occasion, for he had no other concern in it, than singly to obey his Majesty's comand; to which his Royall Highness answer'd, 'I won't believe you upon it; but ye Lord Privy Seal did not exactly hear what his Royall Highness answer'd to the Duke of Roxburgh.'"

KINGSTON, C. P. S.  
KENT.  
ROXBURGH.

"SIRE.\*—J'ay recu avec la soumission que je dois les ordres que v. M. m'a envoyez de demeurer dans mon appartement jusqu'à ce que v. M. m'ait fait sçavoir ses volontés ultérieures. Une marque aussoi forte de l'indignation de v. M. m'a infiniment surpris, n'ayant jamais en d'autres sentimens à l'égard de v. M. que ceux

qui conviennent à un Fils tres obeissant. On m'avoit fait croire que v. M. avoit parù facile sur le choix que j'avois fait du Duc de York pur être parrain de mons fils, et que il pourroit être représenté par le Duc de Newcastle sans quil le fut luy même. Et en étant persuadé je ne pouvois m'empêcher de regarder come un traitement inouïe quil voulut être parrain de mon Enfant en depit de moy. Mais lorsque v. M. jugen à propos de l'ordonner je me suis soumis. Le procedé du Duc de Newcastle m'a touché sensiblement, et j'ai fus si indigné que le voyant dans l'occasion je n'ay pas pu m'empêcher de luy en donner des marques. Mais comme le Respect que j'ay toujours en pour v. M. m'avoit empêcher de'en témoigner aucun resentiment quand il estoit charge des ordres de v. M. j'espere q'elle aura la bonté de ne pas regarder ce que j'avois dit à ci Duc en particulier come un marque de Respect envers v. M. Cependant si j'ay en le malheur d'offenser v. M. contre mon intention je luy en demande pardon, et la supplié d'etre persuadés du Respect avec lequel je suis.

"Sire,  
"De votre Majesté,  
"Le tres humble et tres obeissant  
"Fils et Servt.,  
"GEORGE P."

"SIRE.\*—J'espere que v. M. aura la bonté de m'excuser si dans l'état ou je trouvois, quand j'ay pris la liberté hier d'ecrire à v. M. j'ay omis de luy dire que je ne temoigneray aucun Resentiment contre le Duc de Newcastle sur ce que s'est passé, et je prends cette occasion d'en assurer v. M. avec un tres profond Respect.

"Sire,  
"De votre Majesté,  
"Le tres humble et tres obeissant  
"Fils et Servt.,  
"GEORGE P."

Although there are no regular notices, as in the present day, of the law proceedings in the courts of justice contained in the newspapers published a century and a half ago, yet occasionally accounts do appear, when any matter of peculiar interest was the subject of inquiry, as in the following report of a trial respecting a discreditable house of assembly in the neighbourhood of London:

"A tryal came on before the Lord Chief Justice Parker, in Westminster Hall, against the notorious Cave at Hornsey, near Highgate, which has been infamous for the permitting tipling of disorderly persons on the Lord's day, to the ruin of many servants and apprentices. The court very much approved of the prosecution; and the jury brought in their verdict against the Cave, to the great satisfaction of all virtuous persons who were there present."

A trial of another kind, which, like the last, serves forcibly to illustrate the manners of the times, is thus announced in an advertisement in one of the newspapers of the period before us:

"A tryal of skill to be fought at the Bear Garden, in Marrow-bone fields, the back side of Soho-square, at the Boarded House, this present Wednesday, being the 25th of August, beginning at three of the clock precisely, without beat of drum, between Joseph Edwards, of Market Harborough, in Leicestershire, master of the noble science of defence, and Thomas Cumins, master of the said science.

"Note, two masters will fight after the prize is over."

Notices of the various entertainments of the higher orders are also given in the journals of this period, and the following paragraph refers to a court masquerade:—

"Jan. 15. On Thursday night there was a masquerade at the King's Theatre, in the Hay-market; and the same night their Highnesses the young Princesses had a masquerade at their apartments in St. James's House, for the entertainment of the nobility and quality."

Ample accounts are occasionally presented of the proceedings of the court and of the royal family at this period. The following relates to the household establishment of the young Princesses, daughters of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King GEORGE the Second, and who were subsequently known as the Princess of Orange, the Queen of Denmark, and the Princess AMELIA. The notice is extracted from the *Daily Courant* of 1718:

"May 22. We hear that the King has formed the household of the three young Princesses, daughters of their Royal Highnesses, and that the Countess of Portland, who is their governess, will have under her two sub-governesses, one German and the other French. The Lord Glenorchy, eldest son of the Earl of Brodalin, is declared their master of the horse, and will have under him Mr. Mordant, son of General Mordant. The said Princesses will also have an English chaplain, six gentlemen, as many pages, and inferior servants as usual."



The *Post Boy* newspaper of the same date affords an account of the celebration of His Majesty's birthday, on which occasion we are told there was a splendid attendance of nobility, and at night "there was a ball at court, and a fine firework let off." The Duke of Newcastle, who for so long a period occupied a prominent post in the councils of this nation, and who resided in Lincoln's-inn Fields, at the house now occupied by the Christian Knowledge Society, and which is still called Newcastle House, gave a grand entertainment to a large party of the leading nobility and gentry. Some intelligence is also communicated in the same journal respecting the lady of the noble duke:

"The Duchess of Newcastle, who has been indisposed of the measles, is recovered."

The spirit of disaffection seems, however, to have been still prevalent, and was occasionally openly manifested. The *Post Boy* of the 10th of June, 1718, mentions:

"Yesterday, all the officers of the horse and foot guards received orders to be at their quarters this day, as did also all the private men, except those that mount the guards; and the centinels are to seize all such persons as shall distinguish themselves by wearing any badges of sedition, as white roses."

And in March of the following year there was a serious alarm of an intended invasion on behalf of the exiled claimant to the Throne, inasmuch that the King found it necessary to make a public appeal to his Parliament for support on this emergency. The following is from The *Post Boy* of the 12th of March, 1719:

"On Tuesday, the King came to the House of Peers, where the Commons attending, His Majesty made a most gracious speech, intimating that he had received repeated advices from the most Christian King of an invasion suddenly intended from Spain against his dominions, in favour of the Pretender, and therefore recommended it to them to enable him to make the necessary dispositions for their security."

The same journal of the 17th of March contains some intelligence from abroad on this exciting topic:

"Paris, March 22, N.S.—Upon advice that the Chevalier de St. George is on board a Spanish fleet to attempt a landing in England, the Regent hath ordered ten thousand men to the frontiers to succour the King of England. We see nothing but expresses coming and going."

The following squib, directed against the Pretender, is from the same newspaper:

"To-morrow will be published, an Hue and Cry after the Pretender, by Jack Catch, Esq., Executioner-General."

(To be continued.)

## PHILOSOPHY.

*The Alpha; or First Principle of the Human Mind; a Philosophical Inquiry into the Nature of Truth.* London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

WHAT is Truth? The question has recurred to every mind that ever thought, and left it doubting and discontented. Knowledge teaches us *not to know*: the search after Truth satisfies us that it is difficult to find. Every step that we advance in intelligence serves only to contract the circle of our science and rebuke our credulity. Education has much more of unlearning than of learning in it. The most ignorant believes that he knows a great deal more than the wisest would claim for himself, inasmuch that the extent of doubt may be almost deemed to be the measure of wisdom. The bitter but wholesome fruit of cultivated intelligence is the discovery that there is little Truth yet ascertained, and that the work of Philosophy and Science, for many a year to come, must be to clear away the rubbish of error with which ignorance has obstructed the pathway to knowledge.

The volume before us is a remarkable one in every way. It is a bold attempt to discover a test of Truth. The author has ventured into speculations that lead him to conclusions into which we cannot follow him. He has been carried away by his theory to results which probably he had not himself contemplated, and in his flight has overlooked circumstances and arguments which, if he had taken them into account, would have materially modified the views he has put forth as the consequences of his principles. Grant my premises, he says,

and you cannot avoid my conclusions. We do not agree with him. Approving his principles, we can apply them otherwise, and agreeing with him that science, which is God as seen in his works, is utterly condemnatory of the doctrines of Rome, we believe them to be entirely consistent with the doctrines of Protestantism, which is itself based upon the principle of progression, and claims the absolute freedom of the reason as an inalienable heritage of humanity.

With this protest against his particular conclusions, and assertion of the *reasonableness* as well as *truth* of Protestant Christianity and its entire applicability to, nay, encouragement of, unrestricted inquiry and progressive knowledge, we heartily subscribe to some of the principles of the human mind and to the general view taken by him of its relationship to the Divinity, and to the system of things about us. Nor can we but admire the boldness with which the author has pushed his investigations and the fearlessness with which he puts forth opinions. It is in the conflict of opinion, in the stimulus of controversy, in the freedom of inquiry into all subjects, that Truth is discovered and Error detected. It is a contribution to the pursuit of Truth which is not to be abused or despised, because we differ from it, but rather to be read, pondered upon and answered. A true Protestant will find no difficulty in answering some of the final conclusions, although a Romanist or Tractarian might do so, for the latter could only take refuge in faith; it is not so, because the Church says it is not so. The Protestant meets it with the more conclusive reply: "All this is consistent with the pure Christianity which I acknowledge. Even if you are right it does not prove me to be wrong."

To attempt to present an analysis of such a book as this, would be to write a book almost as big as itself: to pretend to do so or even to offer a bare outline of it within the restricted limits of a journal, would be unjust to the author and uninteresting to the reader. But the author, foreseeing this, has sought, as he says, for the convenience of editors, to reduce the leading principles of his Philosophy into two groups of propositions, thus:

First: That the principle of principles, the first cause of all things, is Intelligence: hence, the Deity is an intelligent principle having infinite fore-knowledge: hence, also, whatever is consistent with the infinitude of the fore-knowledge of the Deity is true: on the other hand, whatever is inconsistent therewith, is necessarily false.

Secondly: That the human soul is an intelligent principle, capable of knowledge and needing knowledge: that knowledge is ascertained truth: that conscience is the soul's recorded knowledge: that knowledge (as far as it is truly ascertained, and all irrational influences apart) compels right sentiments and right actions: that right sentiments and right actions constitute religion: that religion supersedes the conventional makeshifts called the moralities and the virtues, and tends constantly to that intellectual perfection, and results necessarily in that happiness which is the end and purpose of the soul's existence.

The manner in which these are worked out must be sought in the volume, which, the product of a hard and original thinker and close reasoner, will demand attention and thought on part of the reader. It is not a book to be lounged over, but to be studied. It is singularly terse in its language and close in its reasonings. Every sentence is a proposition, every word an idea. We have seldom seen a composition so thoroughly intellectual. But it is not, therefore, dry. On the contrary, it is of absorbing interest, because it treats of the grandest and most important of all topics that can engage the mind, with a fearlessness that proves the author to be a sincere truth-seeker, and which makes us feel that, if mistaken, he is at least honest, and that although we cannot assent to many of his conclusions, we have profited largely by the expansion of thought which he has produced. It will be impossible to read this volume through without having the intellect braced and invigorated,

and feeling a consciousness of new knowledge and an extended power of reasoning. A few extracts will suffice to exhibit the style, and that is all we can hope to offer to the reader, beyond assurances of worth incapable of being shown by extract.

### HOPES OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

The world is arriving at adolescence, and must begin to unlearn the errors of its youth. The helplessness of its infancy, the frowardness of its childhood, the lawless petulance of its youth, have passed away: it is time to settle down to serious studies, and make some use of the ill-understood lessons it has so long been coming over in the school of adversity. The animal has been developed: its prowess, its courage, its capability of endurance have been tried: let it begin to rely on its Intellect; let it cultivate the Angel portion of its nature, and depress the overgrown grossness of the brute: let the tall pile of its recorded indiscretions be to it as a beacon on a sunken rock: let Reason sit on the prow of the weather-beaten bark, and Love direct the helm; then, and not till then, shall the haven of peace, and the longed-for land of promised happiness be reached. Then shall come, not the sensual joys of the Mussulman's heaven, nor the misanthropic gloom of the Quietists, nor the dismal paradise of the Latter-day Saints, nor the exclusive Eden of self-righteous bigots of any sect or creed; but the happiness-producing reign of Intellect, the true millennium of mind—the spiritual sovereignty of Christian love.

### Very fine is this on

#### THE TRUTH OF BEAUTY.

Randolph.—There is nothing beautiful that is not true. There is nothing true that is not beautiful. It was in searching for beauty that I discovered truth. Its temple stands in the centre of an artificial labyrinth composed of the most complicated windings, in which many lose themselves; whilst millions are deluded by the specious falsehoods met with on the way, and over-written—"This is the truth, and he who doubts is doomed." But, Civilis, he who would reach the temple round which this wildering maze of thorns and briars is planted, must overleap these artificial fences, or hew his way right onward, instinct-led, having an unwavering confidence in God and his own soul. God is Truth, Civilis; and every natural instinct of the soul guides us to God. There are as many revelations as there are souls to need them: each is a revelation in itself, to itself, for itself; which is a greater marvel than any of the spurious marvels out of which a periodical, soul-less worship has proceeded.

He passes in review the various classes of literature, and finds all of them wanting. Thus he speaks of

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Biography may be considered to be a portion of history. But if we read it without testing it by the principle here enunciated, we shall fail to extract much philosophy therefrom. Without this test, biography, like general history, out of the multitudes of its examples affords no unerring rule for our individual guidance.

If we would pursue the acquisition of wealth as the means of happiness, we shall certainly find that to make a friend of that niggard virtue, prudence, will be procure an alliance that will aid us every step of the way.

If the attainment of honours be aimed at as the ultimate good, we shall find examples in abundance of the methods which have been successfully pursued.

If fame be the ultimatum of our hopes, we shall find incentives in great profusion, and of every kind, to madden our ambition and lead us astray: for great fame comes of great genius; and genius, like the traveller across the sands, leaves no footprints behind it by which a follower might dog it to the temple. Only this is to be gathered—that the most famous geniuses the world has known, have generally been the least selfish, and most catholic-minded of men.

But if we ask biography to tell us which object we should pursue for the attainment of happiness? which object be the right one? or if any of them be right? Biography cannot inform us. Our oracle is dumb.

Having an unerring principle for our guide, we, however, cannot have any difficulty in deciding these questions for ourselves. We have all one object to accomplish; one pathway to pursue: the object is the discovery of truth: the road to it through the intellect alone. Let those who would lead us by any other route exhibit their credentials: we have the hand and seal of Heaven itself to ours.

From this view of the subject it requires but a moment's consideration to perceive, that, for any positive soul-enlarging knowledge derivable from biography, it might be altogether dispensed with without much loss:

and, but for the gratification it affords to the best sympathies of our nature, and the proof it yields us of what difficulties may be surmounted by unyielding perseverance, it might be relinquished without regret.

With singular power he wields the great Protestant principle, that in Religion every man is bound to use his own reason and by that to be guided.

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF PROTESTANTISM.

Amongst the instinct-guarded brutes that range the fields and forests in their natural state of liberty, it has been said—though I know not with what truth—that there is no disease. Man is reason-guarded; and in this, as in all other matters, his free will, undirected by his neglected reason, has plunged him into error; and error into every description of evil; and into this amongst the rest. The health of the lichen that luxuriates in the shade of yonder wall, is necessarily purposed and provided for by the author of its being. And think you, Civilis, that the health of the human species, the most favoured and peculiar work of the Deity, is not, also purposed and provided for? The provision for man's health is in his reason. In all things his necessities admonish him to think. He is to have no happiness, no independent existence, if he neglects to think:—a providential provision, Civilis, for urging him to become intelligent. It is, moreover, one of many collateral proofs of the high purpose of his being; his god-like nature; and his self-deciding destiny. Without perception (which is only another name for reason) man could not obtain food to nourish him, or raiment to cover him, or shelter to protect him from the inclement blast. And, if through his perceptions he obtains these; through the same means, why not health? And if health, why not all he desires and needs? His desire and his need precede his effort. He needs and desires food; his perceptions enable him to find it. He needs and desires health, and shall not his perception enable him to secure it also? He desires happiness; but without the means to obtain it, his desire would be a mockery. We have seen that his reason, which procures him all his other blessings, also procures him this. He desires (how greatly he desires!) immortality; and why does he desire it, if within himself, he has not the means of securing the object of his desire? Nothing is given him but through the exercise of his reason; and if not his food, why his health? If not his health, why his immortality? If we cannot know that twelve times twelve are equal to a hundred and forty-four without the aid of our reason; how, without it, should we know that the soul is immortal? But, if reason enable us to know the fact of least value to us, and towards which we feel no instinctive desire; why should it not also enable us to know the other, which is all-important, and towards which we are impelled by the most irresistible desire? But the desire to obtain food must be followed by a rational effort, or food is denied to us. The desire to procure health or happiness, or immortality must, in like manner, be followed by a rational effort, or these also are unattainable. But as food and raiment are not denied us when thus striven for; neither is immortality, nor happiness, nor health.

With so much to admire and approve, we can only regret that there is mingled so much from which we must dissent. But it is the advantage of freedom of thought and discussion, the peculiar prerogative of our Protestant principles, that out of free discussion comes truth, and that, by trying all things, we best learn "to hold fast that which is good."

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret.* Translated from the German by JOHN OXFORD. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1850.

ECKERMANN was to GOETHE very much what BOSWELL was to JOHNSON. He was strictly a satellite, living in the rays of his countenance, dancing attendance on him always, but always at a respectful distance, and borrowing from him whatever light illumined his own countenance. He was one of those men who are never happy unless they are worshipping some fellow-man, to whom prostration is a positive pleasure, and whose vanity is gratified even by a snubbing, provided that it comes from their demigod. Phenologically, this not uncommon character is produced by the combination of large veneration and love of approbation with small self-esteem. It may or may not be accompanied with considerable amount of

intellectual faculties; probably it would require at least an average development of them to enable the satellite to appreciate the wisdom he worships.

Thus, ECKERMANN appears to have been a man of considerable attainments, for, by his own industry and energy he worked his way upwards, from very humble circumstances, to be the companion and friend of the greatest writer of his time, himself the companion and adviser of princes. In 1813 he was a private soldier. He went to College when the war was over, and slightly assisted by some patrons, maintained himself there by his pen, translating, and copying, and writing prefaces and making indexes for the booksellers, publishing two or three works of his own, and helping other authors in the production of their manuscripts. His introduction to GOETHE was in the year 1823, on the occasion of being employed by the poet-courtier to assist in carrying through the press a complete edition of his works, and so well was this duty performed that his grateful patron charged him by his will with the honourable duty of editing his posthumous works. He was afterwards, through the recommendation of his patron, appointed tutor to the young Prince of Weimar, and thus was enabled to maintain a daily intercourse with the great man whose sayings he has recorded with a care and completeness of which there is no other parallel in the whole range of literature save *Boswell's Johnson*. For eleven years he committed to paper whatever fell from his friend in his hearing that appeared to him to be worthy of preservation, and although his readers will probably not agree with his estimate of the worth of much that he has set down, yet will it be allowed on all hands that the world is indebted to him for a great deal that richly deserves to be remembered, and for having thus presented to them a more accurate picture of the true mind of the poet critic than has been produced by any or all combined of the other works devoted to him, whether as exhibited by himself in his correspondence or as collected by others in the course of their companionship.

One characteristic of the *Conversations* will strike every reader—the wonderful vivacity that inspired his talk up to the very close of his life, although he was full of years as of honours. Age had not in the least dimmed his faculties: he saw as distinctly, reasoned as clearly, felt as acutely, enjoyed the beautiful as keenly, in his latter days as in springtide of his youth. In his intellect there is no trace either of decay or decline. It was a glorious triumph of mind over body, of the spirit over the flesh.

And much as we have been taught to admire the vastness of his learning, the extent of his thoughts, the soarings of his imagination, the grasp and sweep and power of his intellect, our conceptions of his greatness will be rather enhanced by the perusal of these *Conversations*. We cannot read them without wondering at the inexhaustible fertility of the mind that could throw off, without effort, and as it were by inspiration, so many wise, and clever, and true, thoughts upon all sorts of subjects, at once so practical and so profound. He was, indeed, one of the giants of the earth.

From such a book, every page of which affords materials that tempt to extract, there might be taken enough to fill half-a-dozen of our journals. Our difficulty lies in selecting from such abundance. Our only resource, therefore, is to cull the best without reference to any order of pages.

Coming from so impartial and acute an observer, our countrymen have a right to be gratified with

#### GOETHE ON THE ENGLISH.

"I have been reading Sterne," returned I, "where Yorick is sauntering about the streets of Paris, and makes the remark that every tenth man is a dwarf. I thought of that when you mentioned the vices of great towns. I also remember to have seen, in Napoleon's time, among the French infantry, one battalion, which consisted entirely of Parisians, who were all such puny

diminutive people, that one could not comprehend what could be done with them in battle."

"The Scotch Highlanders under the Duke of Wellington," rejoined Goethe, "were doubtless heroes of another description."

"I saw them in Brussels a year before the battle of Waterloo," returned I. "They were indeed fine men; all strong, fresh, and active, as if just from the hand of their maker. They all carried their heads so freely and gallantly, and stepped so lightly along with their strong bare legs, that it seemed as if there were no original sin, and no ancestral failing as far as they were concerned."

"There is something peculiar in this," said Goethe. "Whether it lies in the race, in the soil, in the free political constitution, or in the healthy tone of education, certainly the English in general appear to have certain advantages over many others. Here, in Weimar, we only see a few of them, and probably by no means the best; but what fine, handsome people they are! And however young they come here, they feel themselves by no means strange or embarrassed in this foreign atmosphere; on the contrary, their deportment in society is as full of confidence and as easy as if they were lords everywhere and the whole world belonged to them. This it is which pleases our women, and by which they make such havoc in the hearts of our young ladies. As a German father of a family, who is concerned for the tranquillity of his household, I often feel a slight shudder when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of some fresh young islander. I already see in my mind's eye the tears which will one day flow when he takes his departure. They are dangerous young people! but this very quality of being dangerous is their virtue."

Still, I would not assert, answered I, "that the young Englishmen in Weimar are more clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than other people."

The secret does not lie in these things, my good friend, returned Goethe. "Neither does it lie in birth and riches: it lies in the courage which they have to be that for which Nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoiled about them; there is nothing half-way or crooked; but such as they are, they are thoroughly complete men. That they are also sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart; but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of nature."

The happiness of personal freedom, the consciousness of an English name, and of the importance attached to it by other nations, is an advantage even to the children; for in their own family, as well as in scholastic establishments, they are treated with far more respect, and enjoy a far freer development, than is the case with us Germans.

In our own dear Weimar, I need only look out at the window to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the snow was lying upon the ground, and my neighbour's children were trying their little sledges in the street, the police was immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now, when the spring sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe, and feared the approach of some despot of the police. Not a boy may crack a whip, or sing, or shout: the police is immediately at hand to forbid it.

It seems that GOETHE did not approve of poets writing long poems. The conclusion of his experience was, that short occasional poems, suggested by realities, by the passing objects and events of life were, the best employment of the poet. Hear his

#### ADVICE TO POETS.

If you treat, at present, only small subjects, freshly dashing off what every day offers you, you will generally produce something good, and each day will bring you pleasure. Give what you do to the pocket-books and periodicals, but never submit yourself to the requisition of others; always follow your own sense.

The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be occasional poems, that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. A particular case becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet. All my poems are occasional poems, suggested by real life, and having therein a firm foundation. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air.

Let no one say that reality wants poetical interest; for in this the poet proves his vocation, that he has the art to win from a common subject an interesting side. Reality must give the motive, the points to be expressed, —the kernel, as I may say; but to work out of it a beautiful, animated whole, belongs to the poet. You know Fürnstein, called the Poet of Nature; he has written the prettiest poem possible, on the cultivation of



hope. I have now proposed to him to make songs for the different crafts of working men, particularly a weaver's song, and I am sure he will do it well, for he has lived among such people from his youth; he understands the subject thoroughly, and is therefore master of his material. That is exactly the advantage of small works; you need only choose those subjects of which you are master. With a great poem, this cannot be: no part can be evaded; all which belongs to the animation of the whole, and is interwoven into the plan, must be represented with precision. In youth, however, the knowledge of things is only one-sided. A great work requires many-sidedness, and on that rock the young author splits.

I told Goethe that I had contemplated writing a great poem upon the seasons, in which I might interweave the employments and amusements of all classes. "Here is the very case in point," replied Goethe; "you may succeed in many parts, but fail in others which refer to what you have not duly investigated. Perhaps you would do the fisherman well, and the huntsman ill; and if you fail anywhere, the whole is a failure, however good single parts may be, and you have not produced a perfect work. Give separately the single parts to which you are equal, and you make sure of something good."

I especially warn you against great inventions of your own; for then you would try to give a view of things, and for that purpose youth is seldom ripe. Further, character and views detach themselves as sides from the poet's mind, and deprive him of the fulness requisite for future productions. And, finally, how much time is lost in invention, internal arrangement, and combination, for which nobody thanks us, even supposing our work is happily accomplished.

#### A SIMILE.

You will see, said he, "that it was all written off on the impulse of the moment; there was no thought of plan or artistic rounding: it was like pouring water from a bucket."

I was pleased with this simile, which seemed very appropriate, to illustrate a thing utterly without plan.

#### A HINT.

And be sure you put to each poem the date at which you wrote it. I looked at him inquiringly, to know why this was so important. "Your poems will thus serve," he said, "as a diary of your progress. I have done it for many years, and can see its use."

GOETHE'S VALET GAVE ECKERMANN some reminiscences of his younger life.

#### GOETHE IN YOUTH.

When I first lived with him, said he, "he might have been about twenty-seven years old; he was thin, nimble, and elegant in his person. I could easily have carried him in my arms."

I asked whether Goethe, in that early part of his life here, had not been very gay. "Certainly," replied he; "he was always gay with the gay, but never when they passed a certain limit; in that case he usually became grave. Always working and seeking; his mind always bent on art and science; that was generally the way with my master. The duke often visited him in the evening, and then they often talked on learned topics till late at night, so that I got extremely tired, and wondered when the duke would go. Even then he was interested in natural science."

One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. "Have you seen nothing in the sky?" asked he; and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. "Listen," said he to me; "this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place;" then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this.

He considered that SCHILLER'S philosophy injured his poetry, "because this led him to consider the idea far higher than all nature; indeed, to annihilate nature."

"It was not Schiller's plan," continued Goethe, "to go to work with a certain unconsciousness, and as it were instinctively; he was forced, on the contrary, to reflect on all he did. Hence it was that he never could leave off talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with me all his late pieces, scene after scene."

"On the other hand, it was contrary to my nature to talk over my poetic plans with anybody—even with Schiller. I carried everything about with me in silence, and usually nothing was known to any one till the whole

was completed. When I showed Schiller my *Hermann and Dorothea* finished, he was astonished, for I had said not a syllable to him of any such plan."

An introduction to ZELTER, the composer, produced this description of the manner in which he was wont to set words to music.

"If I am to compose music for a poem," said he, "I first try to penetrate into the meaning of the words, and to bring before me a living picture of the situation. I then read it aloud till I know it by heart, and thus, when I again recite it, the melody comes of its own accord."

There is a grand truth in the following:

#### GOETHE ON THE DIVINITY.

We then spoke upon religious subjects, and the abuse of the divine name. "People treat it," said Goethe, "as if that incomprehensible and most high Being, who is even beyond the reach of thought, were only their equal. Otherwise, they would not say the *Lord God*, the *dear God*, the *good God*. This expression becomes to them, especially to the clergy, who have it daily in their mouths, a mere phrase, a barren name, to which no thought is attached whatever. If they were impressed by His greatness they would be dumb, and through veneration unwilling to name Him."

And there is truth in this:

#### GOETHE ON LOVE.

Mention was made of a young beauty belonging to the Weimar society, when one of the guests remarked, that he was on the point of falling in love with her, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

"Pshaw," said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustfulness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what '*je ne sais quoi*' besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect her understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts, and awakening a passion."

His thoughts on political questions are sometimes quaint and amusing. He thus defines the duties of

#### REPUBLICANS AND ROYALISTS.

Returning to the French papers, Goethe said,—"the liberals may speak, for when they are reasonable we like to hear them; but with the royalists, who have the executive power in their hands, talking comes amiss—they should act. They may march troops, and behead and hang—that is all right; but attacking opinions, and justifying their measures in public prints, does not become them. If there were a public of kings, they might talk."

What quiet satire lurks in these reflections:

#### POPULAR PIETY.

I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, he has no reason to give himself airs about it. The occasion of Tiedge's *Urania* led me to observe that piety, like nobility, has its aristocracy. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much dark examination on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased if, after the close of this life, we were blessed with another, only I hoped I should hereafter meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how should I be tormented? The pious would throng around me, and say, "were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has not it happened just as we said?" And so there would be ennui without end even in the other world.

This occupation with the ideas of immortality, he continued, "is for people of rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have not been very successful here; and I would wager that, if the good Tiedge had enjoyed a better lot, he would also have had better thoughts."

This is his review of

#### EUROPEAN AUTHORS.

"On the whole," said Goethe, "philosophical speculation is an injury to the Germans, as it tends to make their style vague, difficult, and obscure. The stronger their attachment to certain philosophical schools, the worse they write. Those Germans who, as men of business and actual life, confine themselves to the practical, write the best. Schiller's style is most noble and impressive whenever he leaves off philosophizing, as I observe every day in his highly interesting letters, with which I am now busy."

"There are likewise among the German women, genial beings who write a really excellent style, and, indeed, in that respect surpass many of our celebrated male writers."

"The English almost always write well; being born orators and practical men, with a tendency to the real."

"The French, in their style, remain true to their general character. They are of a social nature, and therefore never forget the public whom they address; they strive to be clear, that they may convince their reader,—agreeable, that they may please him."

"Altogether, the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him be first clear in his thoughts; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul."

The closing thought is very fine. In conclusion, we take a passage full of a profound philosophy, though opposed to the usual youthful aspiration after a nature to harmonize with one's own.

It is a great folly to hope that other men will harmonize with us; I have never hoped this. I have always regarded each man as an independent individual, whom I endeavoured to study, and to understand with all his peculiarities, but from whom I desired no further sympathy. In this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, and thus alone is produced the knowledge of various characters, and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life. For it is in a conflict with natures opposed to his own that a man must collect his strength to fight his way through, and thus all our different sides are brought out and developed, so that we soon feel ourselves a match for every foe. You should do the same; you have more capacity for it than you imagine; indeed, you must at all events plunge into the great world, whether you like it or not.

Of course we shall return, probably more than once, to this delightful work.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*Game Birds and Wild Fowl: their Friends and Foes.* By A. E. KNOX, M.A. F.L.S. Author of "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex." London: Van Voorst. 1850.

#### [SECOND NOTICE.]

AVAILING ourselves of the additional space afforded by the increased size of THE LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, we redeem our promise of returning to this charming volume.

The following facts will be new to most of our readers:

#### THE PTARMIGAN.

Most persons have noticed the vast numbers of Ptarmigan which appear in the shops of the London dealers, and in the stalls of the principal metropolitan markets, during the latter part of winter and the early months of spring, even as late occasionally as the beginning of May; but comparatively few are aware that scarcely one of these birds has been killed on the Scottish mountains. They are imported from Lapland and Norway—the greater number from the western ports of the latter country. Mr. Yarrell says, that in the year 1839 one dealer alone shipped six thousand for London, two thousand for Hull, and two thousand for Liverpool; and early in March 1840, a salesman in Leadenhall-market received fifteen thousand Ptarmigan that had been consigned to him. Sir A. de Capell Brooke calculated that sixty thousand had been killed during one winter in a single parish in Lapland; and Mr. Lloyd says that a dealer in Norway will dispose of fifty thousand in a season. The profit to the importer must be great, as a single ptarmigan, which is seldom disposed of in London for less than two shillings or two and sixpence, is sold in the market at Drummien for the trifling sum of fourpence. Strange as it may appear, all these birds are taken in separate horse-hair nooses during the winter; and so brisk a traffic is carried on by the peasantry at that season, that one of them, we are told, will set from five hundred to a thousand of these snares.

## Mr. KNOX once succeeded in

## CAGING A WOODCOCK.

I afterwards succeeded in rearing a young woodcock by feeding him plentifully with earth-worms—the species called brandlings, which abound in old heaps of compost, were the best—these, when mixed with wet mould, he devoured greedily; and I found no small difficulty in furnishing him with a sufficient quantity, while I varied his diet occasionally with gentles, tadpoles, and the larvæ of aquatic insects. He became quite tame and reconciled to his place of captivity, which was an outhouse, the door of which had been removed and replaced by a fragment of an old fishing net. Like all pets, however, he met with an untimely fate. An inquisitive spaniel managed to creep under the net one afternoon, and although a speedy rescue was attempted, it was too late; his career was ended. Being in excellent condition he was handed over to the cook, and a better bird never appeared upon a table. So rapid was his digestion, that the stomach was perfectly empty, and the other viscera, or “trail,” contained only the peculiar cream-like matter usually found in the woodcock, while its flavour was positively irreproachable, although he had breakfasted that very morning on nearly half a flower-pot full of worms.

He has witnessed that most exciting of all sports—hawking. Some of these adventures are narrated.

## ANECDOTES OF FALCONRY.

Excellent sport of this kind has been afforded by the falcons of Y. O’Keefe, Esq., at the Curragh of Kildare. On one occasion the magpie, after having been successively expelled from various places of retreat, made for a distant whinbush, and when about half way across the intervening space, seemed to elude the stroke of the falcon by suddenly dropping to the earth and disappearing from all his foes; for when the party arrived on the spot the magpie was nowhere to be found. The ground was carefully examined where he had so mysteriously vanished, and whips were loudly cracked by the mounted spectators; but all in vain. Here was a puzzle! The falcon still continued to “wait on” overhead, a sure sign that her quarry was underneath her. At last, after a long search, he was found snugly concealed in the bottom of a cart-rut, where, but for his treacherous plumage, he would probably have succeeded in escaping the observation of his enemies.

On another occasion one of the falcons belonging to this gentleman afforded a remarkable example of the extraordinary height to which it will occasionally compel its quarry to ascend, and of the determination and perseverance with which it will pursue it to such an altitude, before it succeeds in dealing the fatal blow. This time a crow was the object of the chase, and “took the air” immediately, hotly pursued by the falcon, and soon rose to such an elevation in spiral sweeps directly above the head of the spectator, that both birds were gradually lost to his view. Another minute elapsed, during which he continued to strain his eyes in vain in the hope of catching a glimpse of them in the direction where they had lately vanished from his sight. At last a single dark speck appeared, which quickly became larger and larger as it descended, and the next moment the dead body of the crow fell with extraordinary force a few yards from the spot on which he was standing.

The following solves an enigma in Natural History:

It has often been a question with ornithologists, in what precise manner the falcon deals the fatal blow. Some authors have asserted that it is by means of the foot; others attribute it to the breastbone, protected as it is by such strong pectoral muscles that the concussion which is supposed to deprive its victim of life can have no injurious effect upon the author of the momentum. My own opinion, which is fully corroborated by the more extensive experience of Colonel Bonham, is that it is by means of the powerful hind talon that the deadly wound is inflicted. If a grouse, a duck, or a woodcock that has been thus suddenly killed by a peregrine be examined, it will generally be found that the loins and shoulders are deeply scored, the back of the neck much torn, and even the skull sometimes penetrated by this formidable weapon. Now as the stroke is almost always delivered obliquely, that is, in a slanting, downward direction from behind, this laceration could not be effected by any of the talons of the front toes; nor would the severest possible blow from the breast of the falcon produce such an effect. Indeed, Colonel Bonham had several rare opportunities of witnessing the operation distinctly, and his testimony on this point ought to be conclusive. On one occasion in particular, when in Ireland, a woodcock, after a long chase over an adjoining moor, had taken refuge in a small cover, whither it was closely pursued by the hawk—the falconer and several assistants following. Colonel Bonham himself

made for a nearer point of the coppice, and had just taken up his position under a tree at the side of a ride or alley, when he saw the woodcock flying towards him, and its enemy close upon it. As the former passed within a few yards of the spot where he stood, he perceived by its laborious flight and open beak that it was much exhausted. The next moment down came the falcon, and he could see distinctly that the blow was delivered by the hind talons. The effect was instantaneously fatal, and precisely such as might have been expected from the nature of the weapons that were brought into play. The back of the woodcock was completely ripped up, and the lower part of its skull split open.

Here is a remarkable instance of the falcon’s power of flight:

When hawking for woodcocks in Rossmore Park, in the County of Monaghan, Ireland, with the Hon. R. Westra, a woodcock, after a short chase, “took the air,” closely pursued by the falcon—the property of the latter gentleman—who had her bells and “varvels” on, with the name and address of the owner engraved upon them. In a short time both birds had attained such an elevation that it was only by lying down on their backs, and placing their hands above their eyes, so as to screen them from the rays of the sun, and at the same time contract the field of vision, that the spectators could keep them within view. At last, just as they had become almost like specks in the sky, they were observed to pass rapidly towards the north-east, under the influence of a strong south-west wind; and were soon completely out of sight. Some days elapsed without any tidings of the truant falcon; but before the week had expired, a parcel arrived at Rossmore Park, accompanied by a letter bearing a Scotch postmark. The first contained the dead body of the falcon: the latter the closing chapter of her history from the hand of her destroyer, a farmer who resided within ten miles of Aberdeen. He was walking through his grounds when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a large hawk which had just dashed among his pigeons, and was then in the act of carrying one of them off. Running into the house he returned presently with a loaded gun, and found the robber coolly devouring her prey on the top of a wheat-stack. The next moment the poor falcon’s wanderings were at an end; but it was not until he had seen the bells on her feet that he discovered the value of his victim, and upon a more careful examination perceived the name and address of her owner; and while affording him the only reparation in his power by sending him her remains and the account of her fate, he unconsciously rendered the story worthy of record in a sporting and an ornithological point of view; for upon a subsequent comparison of dates it was found that she had been shot near Aberdeen, on the eastern coast of Scotland, within forty-eight hours after she had been flown at the woodcock in a central part of the province of Ulster in Ireland.

Our author, with the indignation of a true sportsman, denounces that most cowardly and destructive of all forms of poaching—egg stealing. He thus describes the

## PHEASANT’S NESTS.

The eggs are usually deposited in rank grass on the sides of hedges and ditches, in narrow plantations, or in meadows, clover, or corn-fields; and very rarely in the heart of great woods or covers, to which localities the keeper is generally too apt to confine his attention. When suddenly disturbed, the hen will sometime rise at once, as she would if leaving the nest voluntarily in search of food, and thus expose her treasure to the eyes of any wandering clown who may have unintentionally stumbled on the spot; but more frequently she has recourse to artifice, and on the approach of danger quietly slips off her eggs, and runs with a noiseless pace for a considerable distance before she takes wing. On returning to the nest, however, she adopts a different manoeuvre, and if her only enemies were of that class usually denominated vermin, it would almost invariably be attended with success. She continues on the wing until she arrives immediately over the nest, and then drops at once upon it, thus leaving no beaten track through the long grass by which the indefatigable stoat or the prowling cat could find a ready clue to her citadel, or which would at once catch the eye of the cunning magpie or the hungry crow while sailing over the field on a foraging expedition. With the poacher, however, the case is different. He has only to secrete himself under a tree or, it may be, to sit leisurely on a neighbouring stile, immediately after feeding time in the early morning or in the afternoon, and watch the female bird as she returns to the fields in the vicinity of the preserves. He fixes his eye on her as she comes skimming over the edge and marks the exact spot where she drops among the weeds, grass, or clover. If this should happen not to be in the middle of the field,

and if anxious to secure his prize immediately, he walks round with apparent unconcern—keeping close to the hedge all the time, and never once taking his eyes from the spot—until he arrives at the point nearest to the nest, and then stepping up quickly, bags the eggs as expeditiously as possible.

Mr. Knox refutes a popular fallacy as to the viciousness and ill-odour of

## THE MARTEN CAT.

Of the weasel family (*mustelide*) the marten (*martes foina*), commonly, but erroneously, called the marten cat, has been almost exterminated in England. Although in former days its depredations among game were of no trifling character, yet it is surely to be regretted that the species should since have been persecuted down to the very verge of extinction. There are many circumstances that would appear to favour the toleration, if not the preservation, of a limited number in the woods of England. The odour that proceeds from a glandular secretion of this animal, and of the pine marten—probably a variety of the same species—so far from being fetid or offensive, is singularly agreeable. Mr. Bell says, “the aspect and attitudes of the marten are perhaps more elegant than those of any other of our native quadrupeds. Endowed with great liveliness and activity, its movements are at once rapid and graceful. Its limbs are elastic, its body lithe and flexible, and it bounds over the ground with equal speed and grace. \* \* \* If taken young it is susceptible of great docility; and the remarkable elegance of its form, the beauty of its fur, and the playfulness of its manners, render it one of the most pleasing of pets.”

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Letters on Labour and the Poor in France. By the Correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*.

AMONG the various excellent services which *The Morning Chronicle* is performing to the community, in the collection of information relating to the condition of the labouring classes, it has despatched a party of commissioners to examine the state of the industrious classes on the Continent. From these extremely interesting papers we purpose to make occasional gleanings, for we know of no books that will present the same information. We select the following from the letters of the traveller in France. It forms a portion of his description of that remarkable territory known as the Landes, which lies between Bordeaux and the Bay of Biscay.

Considerable power is displayed in the following graphic

## PICTURE OF THE LANDES.

The surface aspect of the Landes I have already sketched. Mere general terms, however, go but a small way towards indicating the dreary grandours of that solemn wilderness. Over all its gloom and barrenness—over all its “blasted heaths” and monotonous pine woods, and sodden morasses, and glaring heaps of shifting sand—there is a strong and pervading sense of loneliness, a grandeur and intensity of desolation, which as it were, clothes the land with a sad, solemn poetry peculiar to itself. Emerging from black forests of fir, the wanderer may find himself upon a plain—flat as a billiard table, and apparently boundless as the ocean—clad in one unvaried, unbroken robe of dusky heath. Sometimes stripes and ridges, or great ragged patches of sand glisten in the fervid sunshine; sometimes belts of scraggy young fir trees appear rising from the horizon on the left, and fading into the horizon on the right. Occasionally a brighter shade of green, with jungles of willows and coarse water-weeds, giant rushes, and tangled masses of dank vegetation, will tell of the unfathomable swamp beneath. Dark veins of muddy water will traverse the flat oozy land—sometimes, perhaps, losing themselves in broad shallow lakes—bordered again by the endless sandbanks and stretches of shadowy pine. The dwellings which dot this dreary landscape are generally mere isolated huts, separated sometimes by many miles, often by many leagues. Round them the wanderer will descry a miserable field or two, planted with a stunted crop of rye, millet, or maize. The cottages are mouldering heaps of sod and unhewn and un-mortared stones, clustered round with ragged sheds composed of masses of tangled bushes, pine stakes, and broad leaved reeds, beneath which cluster, when not seeking their forage in the woods, two or three cows, mere skin and bone, and a score or two of the most abject-looking sheep which ever browsed. Here and there you will descry upon the distant plain the shepherd of the flock—an uncouth figure, muffled in dirty sheepskins,



crowned by a broad-brimmed steeple hat, mounted upon stilts four or five feet high, and slowly stalking like a deformed giant across sand and swamp, or leaning motionless upon a pole which looks like a third wooden leg, passing away the dreary hours in knitting. Proceeding through the Landes towards the coast, a long chain of lakes and water-courses; running parallel to the ocean, breaks their uniformity. The country becomes a waste of shallow pools, and of land which is parched in summer and submerged in winter. Running in devious arms and windings, through moss and moor and pine, these "lakes of the dismal swamp" form labyrinths of gulfs and morasses which only the most experienced shepherds can safely thread. Here and there a village, or rather bourg, will be seen upon their banks, half hidden in the pine-woods; and a roughly-built fishing-punt or two will be observed, rowed or pulled along by the fleece-clad brethren of the stilt-walkers. Sometimes—as in the cave of the basin of Arcachen, which will be presently described—these waters are arms of the sea; and the retreating tide leaves scores of square miles of putrid swamp. Sometimes they are mere collections of surface-drainage, accumulating without any means of escape to the ocean, and perilous in the extreme to the dwellers on their shores. For, forming the extreme line of coast, there runs, for near two hundred miles, from the Adour to the Garonne—a range of vast hills of white sand—as fine as though it had been sifted for an hour-glass. Every gale changes the shape of these rolling mountains. A strong wind from the land flings millions of tons of sand per hour into the sea, to be washed up again by the surf, flung on the beach, and in the first Biscay gale blown in whirlwinds inland. A winter hurricane from the west has filled up with sand square miles of shallow lake, overwhelming villages and maize fields. In the Lake of Arcachen, the peaked gables of an ancient chateau can, it is said, be seen down in the clear depths; and not far from the mouth of the Garonne, an elegantly traceried tower of Gothic architecture rises from the sand. Tradition, said to be well founded, represents this structure to be the upper part of the spire of an ancient church which still lies beneath, overwhelmed in the sand. This shifting belt of sandhills is from two to three miles broad. Crossing the basin of Arcachen, and landing upon a neck of fir-covered land, I pushed forward towards the shores of the famous bay. A solitary labourer, slicing the pine trees for pitch, was the one living thing our party encountered. Miles and miles of slippery ground, covered with the debris of the branches, were passed, ere we saw, gleaming ahead, the region of fine sand, and heard—although the little breeze which blew was off the shore—the low thunder of what my guide, a fisherman, called the "coup de mer"—the breaking surf of the ocean. Presently, passing through a zone of stunted furze, and dry thin-bladed grass, we emerged into the most fearful desert I ever looked upon—a sea of heights and hollows, delis and ridges, long slopes and precipitous ravines, all of them composed of pure white, hot, drifting sand. The labour of walking was excessive. I longed for the stilts I had seen in the morning. Every puff of breeze sent the sand, like dry pungent powder, into our faces, and sometimes we could see it reft from the peaks of the ridges and blown like clouds of dust far out into the air. At all once my guide touched my arm, "Voilà! done, voilà! des chevaux sauvages!" It certainly only required a breed of wild horses to make the country an exact counterpart of Arabia; and I eagerly turned to see the steeds of the desert, just succeeding in catching a glimpse of a ruck of lean, brown, shaggy ponies, disappearing round a hill, in a whirlwind of sand.

We now present a sketch, no less graphic, of

#### THE PEASANT OF THE LANDES.

The young peasant of the Landes is mounted upon stilts almost as soon as he can walk. He is first set upon implements a foot or fifteen inches high, but by the time he is fourteen he holds his head almost as high as his father. One hears marvellous stories of the pace at which the Landes shepherds get over the ground—of their being able to keep up with a fleet horse, and so forth. Their habitual gait is certainly slow and lounging enough, and from what I saw of the movements of those who appeared rather more in a hurry, I should say that six or seven miles an hour would be considered a very good rate of stilt travelling. The women use stilts as well as the men, and get along quite as fast. The length of the implements in question varies, but there are few more than five or five and a half feet long, reckoning from the sole of the sabot; occasionally they are made longer by two feet or so—generally when they are intended to be used instead of a ladder in seeming the higher portions of pine trees. A long stick is invariably part of the machinery of locomotion. It is, in fact, by means of this baton that the shepherd rests. Stretching his legs apart, he leans the small of his back against the crutch of his staff, and, thus supported, knits drowsily on for hours, his

eye occasionally wandering over the brown expanse of heath, following the motions of his scattered flock. When in regular herding costume, the shepherd of the Landes appears one uncouth mass of dirty wool. On his body he wears a fleece, cut in the fashion of a rude paletot, and sometimes flung over one shoulder, like a hussar's jacket. His thighs and legs are defended on the outside by cuisses and greaves of the same material. On his feet he wears sabots and coarse worsted socks, covering only the heels and the instep. His remaining clothing generally consists of frayed and tattered homespun cloth, and altogether the appearance of the man savours very strongly of that of a fantastically costumed scarecrow.

So attired then, with a gourd containing some wretched *piquette*, hung across his shoulders, and provided with a store of rye bread, baked perhaps three weeks before, a few dry sardines, and as many onions or cloves of garlic, the Landes shepherd sallies forth into the wilderness. He reckons himself a rich man if his employer allows him, over and above his food, 60f. a year. From the rising to the setting of the sun, he never touches the ground, shuddling backwards and forwards on his stilts, or leaning against a pine, plying the never-pausing knitting needle. Sometimes he drives his flock home at eventide—sometimes he bivouacs in the wild. Unbuckling his stilts, and producing his flint and steel, he has soon a rousing fire of fir branches, and, gathering his sheep skins round him, he makes himself comfortable for the night. His main plague is the dread of witches and warlocks. He knows several old women who, he is well-assured, have dealings with the devil. Who was the cause of the fever from which his wife had just risen? Who gave him an ague which lasted for three months—who sent rot into the flock, and killed the cows last summer, when the parched earth afforded no grass for their support? Well he knows the sorcerer, and were it not for the gens-d'armes and M. le Prefet, he would not be long in sending a bullet through that cottage window. At all events, he takes good care not to sleep near a "devil's garden." Many spots so called abound in the Landes. They are patches of pure white sand, clear and glistening as snow, unbroken by a pebble or a blade of grass, showing like bald spots amid the dense black woods of pine. There Beelzebub and his servants hold their nightly festivals, and the unlucky soil is never traversed by the wanderer of the wilds between sun-set and sun-rise. One item of the supplies brought into the woods by the shepherd I forgot to mention. It is a greasy old pack of cards. One and all these men are inveterate gamblers. "Their passion for play," said an excellent country curé, to whom I am indebted for a great portion of the materials of this communication, "is their worst fault. They will gamble away their furniture, their clothes, their very stilts; and as sure as they play, so sure do they cheat. Any mode of obtaining an advantage is reckoned perfectly fair and legitimate, and the only thing dreaded is being found out, and having to forfeit the fruits of one's legerdemain. When two or three meet, they will pass whole days and nights over their cards, playing when it gets dark by the light of blazing fir torches."

Barring this defect, my informant, who had passed his life among the peasants of the Landes, gave them a high character for kindness and simple goodness of heart. A remarkable feature about them is their passionate love for their wild solitary life among the woods, sands, and heath. No Swiss ever pined for his mountains as these men do for their monotonous plains, if by any chance they are removed from them. This, however, happens but very seldom. They live and die in the district where they were born, ignorant and careless of all that happens beyond their own lonely bounds. France may vibrate with revolution and change—the shepherds of the Landes feel no shock, take no heed, but pursue the daily life of their ancestors, perfectly happy and contented in their ignorance, driving their sheep or notching their trees in the wilderness.

They are superstitious in the extreme, and one of their superstitions is sufficiently strange:

#### A SUPERSTITION OF THE LANDES.

Among the strange prejudices of the inhabitants of this strange district, is the extraordinary idea that cows bred and born in the Landes never give milk! There are hundreds of square miles of forest and heath affording pasturage, and there is a corresponding number of cows which have never been milked. As some small quantity of the liquid is, however, necessary, there is usually every year an importation of cows from Brittany; but their offspring, being considered as tainted with the curse of the district, are ranked with the old native cows, and nobody attempts to milk them. It seems perfectly incredible that a puerile superstition like this should exist, when the means of practically disproving its truth are so obvious. Still, there stands the fact. Cows born in the Landes, of course, give milk like cows

born out of it; but the proprietors absolutely refuse to allow themselves to be persuaded of the fact, although they would be the first to benefit by it. One of the most energetic advocates of the possible improvement of the Landes was, some twenty years ago, a worthy clergyman called l'abbé Vincent. This gentleman used to make regular journeys through the country, living amongst the people, combating their absurd notions, and always bent upon showing practically how possible was the "impossible" of the peasant of the Landes. In one of the tracts giving an account of some of these expeditions, published by a friend of the abbé, who was his travelling companion, I find the following conversation and experiment touching the matter in question, which may give an idea of the absurd notions and the class of people with whom the abbé had to deal. The missionary of progress began thus—

"Well! plenty of your cattle, but they are not giving milk, is it not so? No grass, as usual, is there? Is the case, Monsieur l'abbé, but then the cows are worth so little—our cattle."

"Then, why don't you make them worth more?" "How can we—we're so poor?" "How can you? By profiting by their milk, and using it, as it is used in the dairy in other countries."

"Milk! You are joking, M. l'abbé. The cows of the Landes give no milk."

"Stuff and nonsense. There's a cow before us—try it."

A servant approaches, and proceeds to the operation. The milk flows copiously.

"Well, what do you say to that now?" "Why, I didn't mean exactly absolutely to say that the Landes cows don't produce a drop of milk; but they produce so little that it is not worth the trouble of taking."

"Ah, I dare say a lot of half-starved brutes don't produce much; but if they were well fed they would give double the quantity."

"Yes; but what good would it do us if they did?" "You would make butter and cheese of it."

"We don't like butter and cheese. They are not wholesome food. Besides, our fathers did without it, and why shouldn't we? We are not better than those who came before us."

We think our readers will be pleased, after these specimens, if we turn occasionally to the columns of *The Morning Chronicle* for some passages of equal novelty and interest.

#### FICTION.

*Merklund. A Story of Scottish Life.* By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1851.

*Mrs. Margaret Maitland* was one of the most remarkable novels of the day, reminding the reader forcibly of the best manner of GALT, without the occasional feebleness and wordiness that so much detracted from his power. It was a story of Scottish life, and probably the broad Scotch in which most of the dialogues were written might have deterred many persons from perusing it; indeed, we know that it did so. This new adventure is, therefore, more likely to recommend itself to an English audience, for it is much less provincial in its language, while it is even more powerful in its composition, and the story more interesting. The popularity of its predecessor will certainly be surpassed by *Merklund*.

The first quality that strikes the reader on the perusal of these pages is *earnestness*. The authoress writes with her whole soul, not as a task, or a duty, or an ambition, but as one who must "speak or die"—who has ideas to which she must give utterance; who does not look beyond the pleasure of setting down her thick-coming thoughts upon paper, and in which, therefore, there is no trace of an effort to say good things or clever things, to appear wise, or witty, or poetical, or philosophical. There are, profusely scattered, wit and wisdom, philosophy and poetry, but they are not obtruded, they fall naturally when properly demanded by the subject; they are simply said, and with an almost unconsciousness of being more than commonplace. An unaffected simplicity is the charm that has won for the authoress of *Merklund* the reputation she has achieved by her first essay, and which will be more than confirmed by this new one.

The characters are very distinctly drawn.

Each stands out upon the canvass, life-like, with the roundness, and minuteness, and expression that indicate the hand of a great artist. PATRICK LILLIE, and MARJORY FALCONER, and NORMAN RUTHERFORD, and LITTLE ALICE, are not personages we have merely read about, but they live in the memory as beings whom we have known personally—members of the circle of our acquaintances—clearly individualized and outlined.

There seems to have been a design in this novel to make the English people judge less harshly their Presbyterian brethren of the north. It is supposed generally, on this side of the Tweed, that, as the authoress expresses it, the Presbyterian temperament is sour, and its Calvinism gloomy. In *Merkland* she has sought to show that household warmth and joyousness are found beneath the roof-trees of "those strong pure men whom the intolerant world upbraids with the names of bigot, hypocrite and pharisee. One could wish," she adds, "to have this same intolerant world make a tour of these Scotch manse, from which it might return, perchance, able to give a rational judgment on the doctrine and orders of Christ's Holy Gospel, as we have held it in Scotland from the days of our fathers until now; at least might have its evil speaking hushed into silence before the devout might which labours for the hire, not of silver and gold, but of saved souls, and the sunny godliness which is loftiest gain."

Another characteristic of this novel is *tenderness*. We find *heart* everywhere; the gentle rather than the passionate emotions are preferred, and they who have tried can tell how much more difficult is the portraiture of the former. Hence it is a tale that rather subdues and soothes than excites—like a low, sweet, earnest melody, lulling the mind to a state of quiet satisfaction, in which it is awake to a sense of pleasure, but asleep to consciousness of pain. For the same reason it is a right *wholesome* book, its tendencies and its teachings all helping the cause of religion and virtue.

The style of the composition is, as we have said, marked by *simplicity*. There is no waste of words. What she desires to tell, the authoress says in unstudied language, in the phrase that offers itself to the lips as the thought is conceived in the mind, and in which, according to SOUTHER, lies the secret of good writing. The moment we begin to study *expression*, we become affected or pedantic; the effort cannot be concealed from the reader, in whom it produces a sense of insincerity, and it may be added, as a practical result, that it is very rarely indeed that any improvement is so made even in the composition, as a work of art, for it usually happens that the new phrase is out of keeping with its context. There is but one rule for writing well. Be sure that your ideas are distinct and *defined*; think clearly and logically, and leave the language to take care of itself. It may be affirmed universally that a confused and cloudy style is the consequence of confused and cloudy ideas.

The authoress of *Merkland* is, however, remarkably clear. She paints in words. Scenes, places, and persons are brought before us with the minute truth of a daguerreotype picture, and the added charm of colour and expression.

Her greatest fault is a tendency to prolixity in her dialogues. Her personages *discourse* too much. In real life people do not talk a whole page of print in one sentence. Dialogue is almost always a rapid interchange of words. The dramatists know this and avoid long speeches, except in soliloquy. If they did not so, their audiences would continually detect the want of nature in the scene, to say nothing of its dullness. This fault is, however, so easily cured that we thus particularly invite to it the consideration of the authoress, in hope that it may be avoided in her future contributions to the library of fiction.

We can afford only one specimen of the manner of this novel, and we take the powerful description of

#### THE DEATH OF PATRICK LILLIE.

He sat up in his bed; his excitement giving nervous strength to his wasted frame; as he rose he saw Anne for the first time—she stood awed and wondering by the door. The unhappy man threw himself back upon his pillow, covering his face.

"Send her away. Do you want to kill me—do you want to betray me, Christian, send her away."

Christian Lillie made a motion with her hand, and Anne withdrew. Most strange and sad and terrible was this scene; this unhappy sufferer enduring in those agonies so intense a retribution—eager to do justice on his death-bed, and yet shrinking from the sight of her who might bring that justice speedily upon him—her, the sister of the injured Norman, who would not have inflicted another pang upon the man for whom her generous brother had sacrificed her all. She did not see Christian again that day; during all its long, weary, sunny hours, Christian remained constantly by that sick-bed; through the shorter watches of the balmy and tranquil night her vigil continued; those melancholy, wistful eyes never closed to slumber; that gaunt, attenuated frame sought neither rest nor nourishment; the agony of eighteen years had come to a climax; the heroic work of all his desolate lifetime was drawing to an end.

Anne did not leave the house till late that evening; she could hear the sound of voices in the sick chamber, and Christian's slow step sometimes traversing it, when she went away. In the morning she returned early. Christian was in her own room, as Anne could hear, while she sat in the apartment below—sometimes pacing it slow and heavily, as was her wont, and sometimes with the agitated quick step which she had heard before during the short time in which she witnessed Christian Lillie's supplications. Her patient was for the time asleep. She was there, not resting or seeking rest, absorbed in the unutterable earnestness of her pleadings, wrestling with God for a blessing.

The day glided on, so slow, so wearily, with but the drowsy, ripples of the sea, the steady, cold, immovable beating of that strange pulse of time, whose sound fatigues the anxious ear so miserably, and the irregular, agitated throbs of her own heart, to fill its languid lingering hours, that Anne sickened when she looked abroad upon its cloudless radiance. Then those looks of Patrick Lillie's fascinated while they irked and pained her—the pensive, contemplative tone—the microscopic, inward-looking eye—the atmosphere of monastic quietude and meditative death! She was in no mood for studying character, yet she felt how strangely constituted the spirit must have been which found its daily aliment in these.

Had he done that deed and yet was he not guilty? Did he stand in the position of the manslayer, for whom God's stern law of olden vengeance, in one of those equitable shadings of mercy, which mark the unchanging unity of our Gospel Lord and Saviour, ordained through ancient Palestine, the saved cities of refuge? Had he shed his blood unawares? Was it possible that he could be uncertain of himself?—that he could have forgotten those momentous circumstances? or had his long-diseased brooding over them made imagination and fact stand in his remembrance side by side? At last, the weary day declined. Christian Lillie came to her at sunset, and with few words, bade her follow to the sick room again. Anne obeyed. It was very near now, that awful peace of Death. The emaciated face was sharp and fixed—the stamp was upon his forehead. A little time now, and all earthly agony would be over for him. But there was a tranquil shadow on his face, and the large caverns of Christian's eyes were full of dew, which did not fall, but yet had risen to refresh the burning lids which had kept watch so long. The manuscript was upon the table still—the thin arm lay quietly on the coverlet. A slight shudder passed across his frame as Anne entered; an involuntary thrill of that coward fear which had overwhelmed his nature. Then he turned his eyes upon her with a steadfast, melancholy, lingering look, failing sometimes for a moment as the slow blood crept coldly to his heart in another pang of terror; but renewed again—a sorrowful look of lingering, clinging tenderness, as though he saw in her face the shadow of another—the generous glance of one dearly beloved long ago, who had given up name, and health, and honour for his sake.

"Christian," he said, "Christian, it comes. I feel that I am entering the dark valley. What I have to do, let me do quickly. Raise me up." She lifted him in her arms—in her strong devotion she might have borne a threefold weight—the dying man was like an infant in her hands. He took the pen she offered him into his unsteady fingers, and began, in feeble characters, to trace his name at the bottom of the manuscript. While he did so, he murmured broken words.

"I am guilty, I am guilty! I only. Lord, thou knowest who has saved me! Only his tenderness, like thine—only his gracious heart, thy true follower, has

screened me, a miserable sinner, from the doom of the slayer! It is I only; my Lord, thou knowest it is I!"

He had signed his name. Christian laid him back tenderly upon the pillow. With a firm hand she placed her own signature at the side of the document, and then gave the pen to Anne. The sister of the man who had done the deed, and the sister of him who had suffered for it—it was meet their names should stand together. Anne added hers. She could form some idea of what this paper was. She signed it as a witness. The words of the dying man run on—a feeble murmuring stream, "Christian! he is alive—he is safe! No evil has come upon them! Tell me again—tell me again! They do not curse me—they forgive the miserable man who has made them exiles? It is over now, Christian. All your anguish—all your vigils; their disgrace and banishment, it is over now, God knows, who has besetted me with his mercy and his light, why this desolation has fallen upon you all for my sin. I have been a coward. Christian, Christian! when they are home in their joyous household—when they have forgotten all their grief and dishonour, when they are tranquil and at rest—they will never name my name; my memory will be a thing of shame and fear: they will shrink from me in my grave." The thin hands met in silent appeal. There was a wistful, deprecating glance thrown upon Anne and Christian.

"Patrick," said Christian, "can we even shrink from you, who have been willing, for your sake, to endure the hardest calamity that could be thrown upon man? Can they forget your name, who have lost their own for your sake, and never murmured? Patrick! look upon his sister. She has come to us in our sorest trouble; she has clung to us with her tenderest service, as if we had blessed him and not blighted. Take your comfort from her. As for me, my labour is over. I will live to see Marion. I must, if it be the Lord's will; but for forgetfulness, or shame, or shrinking, ye never thought of me!"

Anne stood by the bedside. The eyes of the dying man, so intensely fine, and strangely clear, were shining wistfully upon her. She could not find words to speak to him. "Mind them of me," said Patrick Lillie, faintly, "Tell them, that if they have suffered pain for me, they never can know what agony, bitterer than death, I have endured within this desolate house. Bid them mind me as I was, in yon bright, far away time, that I have been dwelling in again this day. Tell them, the Lord has given me back my hope, that he gave me first in my youth. Tell them I am in His hands, who never loses the feeblest of his flock. Tell them"—he was exhausted—the breath came in painful gasps.

"Do not fear," said Anne, gently, "we will remember you in all tenderness, with sorrow and with reverence. I will answer for Norman."

"For Norman?" said the dying man. "All blessings on the name that I have not dared to name for years! The blessing of my God upon him, who has been separated from his brethren. Norman, Marion! They have suffered in exile and in grief for me. Tell them, that with my last breath, I bade God bless them—God bless them! They have done as my Lord did—they have suffered for the guilty—and he will acknowledge his own."

There was a pause. His breath came painfully. The hectic on his cheek flushed deeper. Christian made a gesture with her hand to Anne, dismissing her. He saw it. "Stay," he said, "stay—my work is not yet done. Christian hear me; when I have said this I will take my journey in peace. My eyes are clear now. I dare look back to that terrible time. I did it unawares. The blood on my hands was not wilfully shed; ye hear me, ye trust me, Christian! I had that deadly weapon in my hand; my mind was far away as it often was. I was thinking of the two, and of their bright lot; my eye caught something dark among the trees, I thought it was a bird. Christian, it was the head of Arthur Aytoun, the man that I was hating in my heart! I came home; my soul was blinded within me. I was as innocent of wish to harm him as was the water at my feet; but yet in my utmost heart long before, I had been angry with my brother! My soul was blind; now I see, for the Lord has visited me with His mercy. You know all now. I have sinned; but I did this unawares, and into His city of refuge, my Lord, has received my soul."

The shadows were gathering—darker, closer—the face becoming deadly white. His breath came with less painful effort, but the end was at hand. He made a sign which Christian knew. She lifted a Bible and began to read. Anne stood behind in silent awe, as the low voice rose through that dim room, whose occupant stood upon the eternal brink so near an unseen world. "There is, therefore, now no condemnation." Wondrous words! spanning all this chaos of human sin and feebleness with their heavenward bridge of strong security.

Christian read on calmly, solemnly, while the slow life ebbed wave by wave. She had reached the end.



Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall retribution, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For—

She was stayed by the outstretching of that worn and wasted hand. A strange shrill voice, unnaturally clear, took up the words: "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."

Christian sprang forward to support him, he needed no support. In the might of that one certain thing of which he was at last persuaded, the spirit of Patrick Lillie had ascended into his Saviour's heaven.

A pale, feeble, worn-out garment, over which no longer the fluctuating fever of a wavering mind should sweep and burn—a fair, cold face, whose gentle features could answer no longer to the thousand changes of that delicate and tremulous soul, Christian laid back upon the pillow—no longer restless, or ill at ease, or fearful, but sleeping peaceful sleep—tranquil and calm at last!

**Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey.** By ELLIS and ACTON BELL. A new edition, with a Biographical Notice of the Authors, a Selection from their Literary Remains, and a Preface. By CURRER BELL. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

At length the veil has been drawn aside that shrouded the mystery of the relationship of the BELLS. Many were the conjectures afloat. Some said they were not of kin at all; others that they were "three gentlemen at once," like CERBERUS—CURRER BELL, the author of *Jane Eyre*, being the same under different names, that works of youth might not jeopardise the fame of maturer years. Now the authoress of *Jane Eyre* has voluntarily revealed the secret. ELLIS, ACTON, and CURRER BELL were three sisters, of whom the two former, alas! have died prematurely of consumption, and in a sisterly desire to vindicate their fame, the greatest of them, and the survivor, has come forward, under her name of CURRER BELL, to give an account of their history, which, as forming a part of the Literary History of the time, deserves a place in the Literary Journal of London, and therefore we shall present it almost entire, as it appears in the preface to the novel before us.

#### THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE BOOKS OF THE THREE BELLS.

About five years ago, my two sisters and myself, after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves reunited, and at home. Resident in a remote district where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyments and occupations of life. The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition; formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued; hence it ensued, that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have made.

One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me,—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy, and elevating.

My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one, on the recesses of whose mind and feelings, even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. I knew, however, that a mind like hers could not be without some latent spark of honourable ambition, and refused to be discouraged in my attempts to fan that spark to flame.

Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers.

I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses too had a sweet sincere pathos of their own.

We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency: it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called "feminine"—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise.

The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted; but for this we had been prepared at the outset; though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experience of others. The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, for a word of advice; they may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not, for from them I received a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.

The book was printed: it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems has not indeed received the confirmation of much favourable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding.

Ill-success failed to crush us: the mere effort to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced *Wuthering Heights*, Acton Bell *Agnes Grey*, and Currer Bell also wrote a narrative in one volume. These MSS. were perseveringly obtruded upon various publishers for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignominious and abrupt dismissal.

At last *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey* were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell's book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart. As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing house more—Messrs. Smith and Elder. Ere long, in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate—there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary expectation of finding two hard hopeless lines, intimating "that Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS.," and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerably, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly-expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

I was then just completing *Jane Eyre*, at which I had been working while the one volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks I sent it off; friendly and skilful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847; it came out before the close of October following, while *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Grey*, my sisters' works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different management.

They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them justice. The immature but very real powers revealed in *Wuthering Heights* were scarcely recognised; its import and nature were misunderstood; the identity of its author was misrepresented; it was said that this was an earlier and ruder attempt of the same pen which had produced *Jane Eyre*. Unjust and grievous error! We laughed at it at first, but I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a prejudice against the book. That writer who could attempt to palm off an inferior and immature production under cover of one successful effort, must indeed be unduly eager after the secondary and sordid result of authorship, and pitifully indifferent to its true and honourable meed. If reviewers and the public truly believed this, no wonder that they looked darkly on the cheat.

Yet I must not be understood to make these things subject for reproach or complaint; I dare not do so; respect for my sister's memory forbids me. By her any such querulous manifestation would have been regarded as an unworthy and offensive weakness.

*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, by Acton Bell, had likewise an unfavourable reception. At this I cannot wonder. The choice of subject was an entire mistake. Nothing less congruous with the writer's nature could be conceived. The motives which dictated this choice were pure, but, I think, slightly morbid. She had, in the course of her life, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents misused and faculties abused; hers was naturally a sensitive, reserved, and dejected nature; what she saw sank very deeply into her mind; it did her harm. She brooded over it till she believed it to be a duty to reproduce every detail (of course with fictitious characters, incidents, and situations,) as a warning to others. She hated her work, but would pursue it. When reasoned with on the subject, she regarded such reasonings as a temptation to self-indulgence. She must be honest; she must not varnish, soften, or conceal. This well-meant resolution brought on her misconception and some abuse, which she bore, as it was her custom to bear whatever was unpleasant, with mild, steady patience. She was a very sincere and practical Christian, but the tinge of religious melancholy communicated a sad shade to her brief, blameless life.

Neither Ellis nor Acton allowed herself for one moment to sink under want of encouragement; energy nerved the one, and endurance upheld the other. They were both prepared to try again; I would fain think that hope and the sense of power was yet strong within them. But a great change approached: affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. In the very heat and burden of the day, the labourers failed over their work.

My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory; but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally, she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unsteady limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health. To stand by and witness this, and not dare to remonstrate, was a pain no words can render.

Two cruel months of hope and fear passed painfully by, and the day came at last when the terrors and pains of death were to be undergone by this treasure, which had grown dearer and dearer to our hearts as it wasted before our eyes. Towards the decline of that day, we had nothing of Emily but her mortal remains as consumption left them. She died December 19, 1848.

We thought this enough; but we were utterly and presumptuously wrong. She was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight, before we received distinct information that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed, that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear my testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through. She died May 28, 1849.

What more shall I say about them? I cannot and need not say much more. In externals, they were two unobtrusive women; a perfectly secluded life gave them retiring manners and habits. In Emily's nature the extremes of vigour and simplicity seemed to meet. Under an unsophisticated culture, artificial tastes, and an unpretending outside, lay a secret power and fire that might have informed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero; but she had no worldly wisdom; her powers were unadapted to the practical business of life; she would fail to defend her most manifest rights, to consult her most legitimate advantage. An interpreter ought always to have stood between her and the world. Her will was not very flexible, and it generally opposed her interest. Her temper was magnanimous, but warm and sudden; her spirit altogether unbending.

Anne's character was milder and more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well-endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily nor Anne was learned; they had no thought of filling their pitchers at the

well-spring of other minds; they always wrote from the impulse of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience had enabled them to amass. I may sum up all by saying, that for strangers they were nothing, for superficial observers less than nothing; but for those who had known them all their lives in the intimacy of close relationship, they were genuinely good and truly great.

This notice has been written, because I felt it a sacred duty to wipe the dust off their gravestones, and leave their dear names free from soil.

This new edition of *Wuthering Heights* will be read by thousands by whom, on its original appearance, it was passed unnoticed. It does, indeed, deserve much of the commendation bestowed upon it by the sister of the authoress. It is a wild, strange book, thoroughly original, and indicating a genius which, with more cultivation, would have commanded a high place in the ranks of fiction. "It was," says the preface, "hewn in a wild workshop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor: gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinister; a form moulded with at least one element of grandeur—power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labour, the crag took human shape; and there it stands colossal, dark, and frowning, half statue, half rock: in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like; in the latter, almost beautiful, for its colouring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot." This is a poetical but true description of the character of *Wuthering Heights*.

CURRIER BELL says that their joint volume of poetry fell still-born from the press. Not quite so. THE CRITIC, at least, recognised its merits, and gave to it a long commendatory notice, with copious extracts, and even returned to it a second time, so much of genius did we see in its pages; and it is gratifying to us now to find that we were not mistaken in our estimate of the capacities of the writers. Many of those poems are reprinted in this volume.

*Eastbury: a Tale.* By ANNE MARIA DRURY, Authoress of "Friends and Fortune." London: Pickering. 1851.

To describe the trials and troubles of a country clergyman firmly resolved to do his duty, appears to be the primary object of this story. The scene is laid in the village of Eastbury, composed of the usual materials of a remote parish, the noble proprietor and his household, the rector and his family, a few farmers and a peasantry ignorant in the extreme, given to drink, and holding every endeavour to improve them an impertinent intrusion. This, however, is rather accessory to the plot, which turns upon the lovings and hatings of the aristocratic regions, and probably in them will the interest of most readers centre. To us, nauseated with the sayings and doings of lords and countesses, as caricatured in a hundred novels every year, the other portions of this story are far more pleasing, in which we are introduced to the real people of the parish, and watch with a personal interest the results of the persevering endeavours of the good rector to raise them in the social scale, and implant, first, some respect for the observances of religion, and then some notions of religion itself. All this is sensible, practical, and to the purpose, and as it is extremely well told, it gives to *Eastbury* a value which seldom belongs to tales in a single volume. When Mrs. DRURY describes what she has seen and known, she writes with power and effect; when she attempts the ideal, she fails. Let her leave lords and ladies alone for the future, and confine herself to her own circle, which will supply more original materials for portraiture than with the utmost diligence she could exhaust. Upon the whole we have been interested and pleased with the perusal of this volume. It has promise in it.

*Letters from Palmyra.* By the Rev. W. WARE. Routledge.

THESE letters made a great stir when they first appeared, not only on account of the familiar knowledge of ancient history which they displayed, but for a certain elevation of style in the composition, and unlike most attempts to revive in fiction the manners of the ancients, an ingenious plot sustains the reader's interest throughout. It appears now in Mr. ROUTLEDGE'S

cheap *Popular Library*, so that all who have not yet enjoyed its perusal should now do so. They who read it will be glad of such an opportunity to possess it.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*A Day at Tivoli: with other Verses.* By JOHN KENTON. London: Longman, Brown and Co.

THESE poems are evidently the production of a connoisseur—a scholar and a man of epicurean tastes. The author has not experienced that nursing which SHELLEY says a poet should have, namely, to be

Cradled into poetry by wrong,  
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.

On the contrary, he describes pleasant scenes and pleasant things in a very pleasant manner. He is neither melancholy, ill-tempered, nor unfortunate. Except against intolerance, he scarcely grumbles at anything; a somewhat strange circumstance considering that he is an Englishman. But who would not forget the cloudy atmosphere which induces all gloomy thoughts, while enjoying *A Day at Tivoli*; and such is the theme of our author. Not in the pseudo-melancholic tone of the self-exiled BYRON does he bid adieu to his native shores; but watching the receding cliffs of Dover, he says:

Fair blows the breeze—depart—depart,  
And tread with me th' Italian shore,  
And feed thy soul with glorious art,  
And drink again of classic lore.

Nor sometimes shalt thou deem it wrong,  
When not in mood too gravely wise,  
At idle length to lie along,  
And quaff a bliss from bluest skies.

It is not the verse-generating memories of the past which excite Mr. KENTON'S muse, but rather the effulgent glories of the sunny present—the actual reality which surrounds him and enthralls his senses; the bright blue of sea and sky; the jocund land of vines, and the warm air of summer. And thus he speaks of Italy:

Oh Italy! if fallen (as some delight  
To say thou art), yet fallen from what vast height?  
Oh Italy, thou land of memories dear,  
Yet not for these alone we prize thee here;  
But gladly take thee with acceptive heart,  
Not for thy "hast been," but for what thou art.  
For who that knows thy seas of brightest wave,  
Their shelving shores or rocky steep that lave;  
Thy lakes, 'mid mountains laid in soft blue length,  
Like Beauty, guarded at the feet of Strength.  
Thy landscape, seen at morn or evening hour,  
Town—village—crested chapel, arch, or tower;  
Rich art—rich nature—each on each that press,  
Till the sense aches with very loveliness:  
Thy corn with fruitage mixed; thy realms of vine  
For ever beauteous, if they droop or twine:  
Thy balmy clime which daily tasks can lighten  
With bliss from out the common air of heaven.  
Man's natural bearing; woman's easy grace  
From very rags, in gesture and in face;  
Thy dark-eyed childhood's ever ready smile  
Of playful innocence or playful wile;  
Or knows thy human nature's better part—  
Swift thought, swift feeling, and the kindly heart:  
And knows beside, what thousand pulses beat  
To win thy glories back, with generous heat;  
Who but for thee must fervent vows forecast,  
And hope thy future, while he dreams thy past.

Our limits only permit us to give a few extracts from a well-conceived and sweetly expressed poem:

#### THE GREEK WIFE.

I love thee best, old Ocean, when  
Thy waters flow all ripplingly;  
And quiet lake, in inland glen,  
Might seem well nigh a type of thee;  
And when long-lingering lights of eve,  
Float o'er thy waves that hardly heave.

And anchor'd vessels seen afar,  
Athwart the bay, with slanting shroud,  
And crossing line of rope and spar,  
Hang pictured on the yellow cloud;  
While silence, from the placid shore,  
May count each pulse of distant oar.

And spirit airs, for so they seem,  
Are whispering of some far-off land.  
For then doth fancy love to dream  
Along thy visionary strand;  
And winneth tender thoughts from thee,  
Perchance too tender, gentle sea.

No mother home is world of ours,  
For dreamy tenderness alone;  
But a rude school, and sturdier powers  
That shrink not from the shock—the groan;  
And hearts heroic and free  
Are thy stern teaching, stormy sea.

Hence—from this shore we love to view,  
Yet with no meanly, safe delight,  
Yon chafing surge of inkly hue,  
Whose foams, all ominously white,  
As the white shroudings of the grave  
Curl o'er the black and greedy wave.

And now, beneath the darken'd sky,  
By lightning flashes shown more dark,  
Watch silently, with eager eye,  
All wildly tost that Grecian bark,  
Whose stoutest hand scarce holds the helm,  
'Mid whirling waves that rush to whelm.

Bold must be the poet who ventures to touch on such unpoetic subjects as railways and steam-packets. Mr. KENTON has felt the convenience of these modes of transit, and rightly deems it something worthy of poetic laudation to be whirled through the air at sixty miles an hour. If the express train had only been an antediluvian production—a sort of mechanical mammoth, it would have been the theme of all the poets since the flood. But poetry sets itself against the utilitarianism of the present, choosing rather to exhume the dead things of the past. There is much classic imagery, united to powerful description, in the following lines on

#### STEAM TRAVEL.

Did Venus win from Vulcan, mighty power,  
That thou should'st strain a day within an hour?  
And lend her thy twin spirits' force and speed,  
To break down distance for some gentle meed;  
And did Minerva join Cythera's prayer?  
Or bribe thee with some gift of science rare  
For her young sages; or of state or law,  
Within vacation half a world to draw?  
And (not as when of old men plodded slow  
"To Pyrenean, or the river Po.")  
Fling forth each acolyte as suits him best,  
To Moslem East, or Transatlantic West?  
Then snatch the senator, o'er land and main,  
Home to his voters and the "house" again?  
Or from his poetry and picturesque,  
Whirl back the future chancellor to his desk?  
The fire-wheeled bark would pass. Shame saith her "nay!"  
With blustering throat: yet lo! she bursts away.  
In vain around her curl the landward seas;  
In vain, to stop her, strains the landward breeze.  
Not like yon white-winged letterers, taken aback  
By the fierce blast, and foiled of skilful tack;  
At anchor tossing still, with close-reefed sail,  
Sick of delay, yet bondsmen of the gale.  
She, in mad surf, though forced awhile to reel,  
And heave and dive, from bowsprit down to keel,  
Asserts full soon, her self-selected course,  
And conquers wind and wave by inner force:  
And while swift smoke, as from volcano's mouth  
(Such Pliny saw), is hurried north or south  
By the head wind: (the swiftest driven back.)  
The more to show what power would thwart her track.)  
She leaving coast and bay far, far behind,  
As all contemptuous of that bullying wind;  
And fluttering round to unresisting spray,  
Each coming wave that would contest her way.  
Unobscured, uncanvassed, marches on until  
Instinct almost she seems with human will;  
Like some strong mind that, shipped on Fortune's bark,  
Holds onward still, unflinching to the mark;  
And loves, or so might seem, to breast and urge  
Through life's worst seas, and scoffs at wind and surge.  
But now her prow hath touched the foreign strand,  
And harnessed, lo! the iron coursers stand  
Fire hooped, with fuming nostril; us to bear,  
Swift as swift arrow, through the whistling air.  
We mount the car; and what our course may stay—  
Strength—victory—companions of our way?  
On—on—we rush: a hundred leagues forecast,  
And lo! a hundred leagues already past:  
On—on—we rush; a hundred pictures tost  
On the quick eye—right—left—and yet not lost,  
For as the eagle, fastest when he flies,  
Battle or prey, the things he loves describes,  
So the brief pictures rise; as sudden caught  
By rapid eye for yet more rapid thought.

C. A. H. C.

*Death's Jest Book: or, the Fool's Tragedy.* London: Pickering. 1850.

THE posthumous work of a man scarcely known to the public as an author, but reputed a true poet among poets and some select readers, *Death's Jest Book*, possesses a peculiar interest. We must seek here an explanation for the one, and a justification for the other; and shall find both.

We had never been able fully to enter into the esteem in which Mr. BEDDOES'S drama, *The Bride's Tragedy*, was held, or to understand why so much was expected of its author by those best in a position to know the man, and to judge the poet. We now recognise how rich was the material for hope; how well-founded the perception of large and original capabilities; how easy for personal knowledge to account for defects of performance without mistrusting the power to perform. That the faculties acknowledged of Mr. BEDDOES were in him to the fullest extent asserted, and even more, there is no doubt; and this leads us to inquire why they were so seldom displayed, and known within so restricted a circle?

There is one sufficient answer to the question, present at once, before passing on to a



consideration of his special defects and singularities—he did not walk with his age. Poetry has ceased to be merely descriptive or pictorial—it has become representative. The public is not content with hearing what the poet has imagined; they must know what peculiar qualities of mind have induced him to adopt this treatment, and not another; must have matter for speculating as to what events or influences of his life he has desired to shadow forth. They must guess why his thought has arrayed itself thus to their eyes, and see the motions of the loom which wove the robe:

'Tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know.

It is said by not a few that the bold trenchant natures of the past, with their promptness and energy, are scarcely to be found in the present; and that, as we advance in knowledge, we recede in what, more than anything acquired from without, stamps the man. Perhaps the self-presentment of our authors, and the public want which it subserves and fosters, may be traced to this. The one cannot be to himself, but must explain to an audience, and gain confirmation from them; while they wait upon his words to understand him, and study the dreams of his life—yet have realities of their own unevolved. That there is a keen sense in this of moral responsibility, may, nevertheless, be allowed: but it is a system fatal to dramatic art, and, we make no question, one of the causes why so few works of a high class are produced meeting the exigencies of the stage.

Mr. BEDDOES had no tendency to this. His personality was, indeed, strong, like every true poet's; but its exhibition is unconscious. In *Death's Jest Book*, the characters and actions are more than singular, they are eccentric; and, as such, deeply marked as the conceptions of an individual mind. They would not be, but for Mr. BEDDOES: yet Mr. BEDDOES himself never speaks. He was a thorough Elizabethan; and shows the brave dramatic impartiality of his models. He has their love of images daring to hyperbole; of characters intense to atrocity: of strange events, huge, sudden, and inconsistent. With them he shares too, that sense of nobility (one of the most emphatic proofs of a true gift in poetry), so acutely and earnestly perceived by EMERSON as distinctive of their works. He draws his personages cordially and with a free hand. All are men of mark sitting above the dais by right—if not of their virtues, then of their passions, ambition, or crimes. Hear with what "large utterance," he could make a prince talk:

I feel and know  
Of woman's dignity; how it doth merit  
Our total being, has all mine this moment.  
But they should share with us our level lives:  
Moments there are—and one is now at hand—  
Too high for them. When all the world is stirred,  
By some preluding whisper of that trumpet  
Which shall awake the dead, to do great things,  
Then the sublimity of my affection,  
The very height of my beloved, shows me  
How far above her's glory. When you've earned  
This knowledge, tell me: I will say you love  
As a man should.

And again:

In my childhood  
My teachers told me that I was immortal,  
And had within me something like a God.  
Now, by believing firmly in that promise,  
I do enjoy a part of its fulfilment;  
And, antedating my eternity,  
Act as I were immortal.

Often the mere sound of his verse is stirring and magnificent; as in this instance:

I looked abroad upon the wide old world;  
And in the sky and sea, through the same clouds,  
The same stars saw I glistening and nought else.  
And, as my soul sighed unto the world's soul,  
Far in the north a wind blackened the waters;  
And, after that creating breath was still,  
A dark speck sat on the sky's edge.

Or this,

Thou'rt happy. In these high delightful times,  
It does the human heart much good to think  
Of deepest woe, which may be waiting for us,  
Masked even in a marriage-hour.

Mr. BEDDOES, although free to a now unusual extent from the anti-dramatic propensity peculiar to the age, had not the power of dra-

matic construction. It has been matter of some reproach, we believe, that he was never allowed a hearing on the stage: not, however, justly. *The Bride's Tragedy* showed no special fitness for representation: and *Death's Jest Book* would not, probably, be tolerated beyond a single night, even if reduced, as would be indispensable, to half its present length. Several characters are boldly conceived, some combinations of incident are exciting, and, with all its glaring faults, we cannot deny that the plot possesses a degree of interest. But the mutual relations of the personages, the *deus ex machina* system which prevails throughout, with the undramatic and inconsequent nature of the *dénouement*, betray a strange and anomalous incompleteness. We need not say anything further by way of comment to a brief summary of the plot.

ISBRAND and his brother WOLFRAM, of royal parentage, have been wronged by the Duke MELVERIC of Munsterberg. They go to his court disguised, purposing revenge, and ISBRAND becomes court fool. Here WOLFRAM learns to love his enemy, and the drama opens where, MELVERIC having been made captive by the Saracens, his friend sets sail for his rescue. They meet again only to find a more deadly cause for hate. He saves the Duke's life risking his own: but the shadows of their love have crossed each other, and he is requited with death. Returning home, in the garb of a pilgrim, the Duke finds hatred between his two sons for the same cause that made him a murderer; plottings, too, and rebellions against authority are fermenting, and ISBRAND works devilishly in the dark. Now, also, the beginning of retribution against the duke is to be declared. WOLFRAM and he had bound themselves that the spirit of the first dead should tell the other of his secrets: and the duke, visiting his wife's tomb, and being proffered the aid of an Egyptian sorcerer, his slave, to restore her to life, raises up his murdered friend, secretly substituted by ISBRAND. The moments ripen. ISBRAND seizes the supreme power, is known for a tyrant, and slain. One prince kills his brother on his bridal night, and atones the deed with his own blood: SIBYLLA, the beloved of WOLFRAM, departs into the rest reserved for her, and MELVERIC, in his hour of triumph and of anguish, is led down by the ghost, "still alive, into the land of the dead." All this is strange enough, but doubly so with such fillings up as the assumption of the fool's cap by the revived spirit, his final bestowal of it on the dying ISBRAND, an interludious dance of fresco-painted deaths, and other such auxiliary matter. But the intense poetry of the work, its sense of beauty, and force of thought and language, more than compensate even for all this. There is as much of that something which defies analysis, and for which no better name than "essential poetry" can be found, in *Death's Jest Book*, as in perhaps any single work of the generation.

Take the following for this quality:

So fair a creature! of such charms compact  
As nature stints elsewhere; which you may find  
Under the tender eyelid of a serpent,  
Or in the gorge of a kiss-coloured rose,  
By drops and sparks: but when she moves, you see,  
Like water from a crystal overfilled,  
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and lave  
Her fair sides to the ground. O other women,  
(And we have beauteous in this court of ours,)  
I can remember whether nature touched  
Their eye with brown or azure, where a vein  
Runs o'er a sleeping eyelid, like some streak  
In a young blossom; every grace count up,  
Here the round turn and crevice of the arm,  
There the tress-bunches, or the slender hand  
Seen between harpstrings gathering music from them:  
But where she is, I'm lost in her abundance,  
And when she leaves me I know nothing more,  
(Like one from whose awakening temples rolls  
The cloudy vision of a god away,)  
Than that she was divine.

Or this, where the aspects of SIBYLLA's love for the Duke, to whom she is speaking for WOLFRAM, are exquisitely discriminated:

Sibyl. Love I not thee? O, if I feel beside thee  
Content and an untruffed calm, in which  
My soul doth gather round thee, to reflect  
Thy heavenly goodness: if I feel my heart

So full of comfort near thee, that no room  
For any other wish, no doubt, remains;  
Love I not thee?

A year and more is past  
Since a brave Saxon knight did share our prison;  
A noble generous man, in whose discourse  
I found much pleasure: yet, when he was near me,  
There ever was a pain which I could taste  
Even in the thick and sweetest of my comfort:  
Strange dread of meeting, greater dread of parting:  
My heart was never still; and many times,  
When he had fetched me flowers, I trembled so  
That oft they fell as I was taking them  
Out of his hand. When I would speak to him  
I heard not, and I knew not what I said.  
I saw his image clearer in his absence  
Than near him, for my eyes were strangely troubled;  
And never had I dared to talk thus to him.  
Yet this I thought was Love. O self deceived!  
For now I can speak all I think to thee  
With confidence and ease. What else can that be  
Except true love?

With the ecstatic exclamation at WOLFRAM's approach:

His foot is on my heart. He comes! he comes!

There is a grandeur of words in the following (the invocation at the tomb), and an absoluteness of expression, seldom to be met with:

An incense for thy senses, god of those,  
To whom life is as death to us; who were,  
Ere our grey ancestors wrote history;  
When these our ruined towers were in the rock;  
And our great forests, which do feed the sea  
With storm-souled fleets, lay in an acorn's cup:  
When all was seed that now is dust; our minute  
Invisibly far future. Send thy spirit  
From plant of the air, and from the air and earth,  
And from earth's worms, and roots, again to gather  
The dispersed being, 'mid whose bones I place  
The words which, spoken, shall destroy death's kingdom.  
And which no voice, but thunder, can pronounce.

One last quotation,—one that is but little short of perfect:

DIRGE.

If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep;  
And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim of the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.  
But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die;  
'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming  
With folded eye;  
And then alone, amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her  
In eastern sky.

Apart from the unaccountable defects of its construction—defects which seem to belong to nothing less than a peculiar natural inaptitude—the blemish of Mr. BEDDOES's drama is excess. There is a tendency to the horrible which lapses into the grotesque; and even more decidedly pronounced, a love of the grotesque proper, for its own sake, quite extraordinary. Of this quality we know, within the range of poetry, no more thorough example than ISBRAND's song—

Squats on a toadstool under a tree  
A bodiless childful of life in the gloom.

which we would fain quote. The passion verges on delirium, the ambition on insanity, the images sometimes on monstrosity; and the whole purport of the work seems to stagger blind and demented. But it is a staggering of great strides, the blindness faces intense light, and the wildness utters words of long echo: and we know that a poet has been among us.

*Slavery and other Poems.* By EDMUND H. WHITE, Author of "Athelstan," &c. London: Martin.

MR. WHITE fills a humble position on one of the railways, and he creditably occupies his leisure moments in writing verses. In this he has found many patrons who, approving such a turn of mind, have kindly subscribed for their publication, hoping to benefit the ingenious writer. We cannot but highly commend this direction of his thoughts, and the circumstances of their origin considered, these poems are certainly remarkable productions. But if we are asked to give an opinion of them simply as poems, apart from their parentage, we should be bound to say that they are about the average of the countless volumes that come to us every year, of which the wonder is, why they are printed. Mr. WHITE possesses a felicitous ear for rhyme; his versification is uncommonly good; his thoughts are generally elevated, and the sentiments he expresses are always pure and true.

Such a railway guard is an honour to his class and a credit to his employers, and we trust that he may continue to occupy his mind with a pursuit which will refine and exalt it, even if it should not secure for him any large amount of fame. He must, however, look for his reward in himself, rather than in the public; in the pleasure more than in the profit of composition.

## RELIGION.

*The Churchman's Pulpit: a Collection of Sermons by Eminent Clergymen of the English Church.* Hoxton: Garner. 1850.

In this volume, which is, according to its title, a collection of sermons by different authors, we have, of course, a great variety of styles, and also of phases of opinion. On turning over the leaves, we see the mild and uncertain style of the Archbishop of Canterbury in juxtaposition with the discourses of Mr. BENNET; and the vigorous and massive periods of the late Incumbent of St. Barnabas, stand out well in the contrast. We have, too, the graceful and polished language of the Bishop of Oxford, the talented but somewhat magniloquent harangues of the Rev. R. MONTGOMERY, with sermons by the REVS. C. WORDSWORTH, D.D., W. J. IRONS, B.D., W. FRASER, B.C.L. and others, all of which afford a good opportunity of studying the pulpit eloquence of the day, and materials for an inquiry into the capabilities and defects of the present system of preaching.

We are informed in the preface that the work was originally published in weekly numbers, as cheaply as possible, in order that the people, that is, the industrious classes, might have an opportunity of becoming familiar with the discourses of the best English preachers. We are sorry to learn that the attempt was not successful. There certainly must be room for such a publication.

## TRUE MEANINGS OF WORDS IN COMMON USE.

[The following are gleanings made in the course of researches into ecclesiastical history and antiquities. If they should be well received they will be continued from time to time.]

**ABBOT, ABBA.**—The word abbot is originally Hebrew, where it signifies father. The Jews call father in their language "ab," whence the Chaldeans and Syrians formed *abba*, thence the Greek *abbas*, which the Latins retained *abbas*, and hence the English abbot, and French *abbé*, &c. Abba is more particularly used in the Syrian, Coptic, and Ethiopic churches as a title given to the bishops. The bishops themselves bestowed the title of *abba* more anciently on the bishop of Alexandria, which occasioned the people to give him the title of "baba" or "papa," that is, grandfather, a title which he bore before the bishop of Rome.

**BENEFICE, from *benefacere*,** signifies whatever one obtains as a benefit. We speak of a benefice in respect to the terms by which it is held, according to the ecclesiastical law; there are many livings which are not benefices, although not *vice versa*.—"Estates held by feudal tenure, being originally gratuitous donations, were at that time denominated *beneficia*; their very name, as well as constitution, was borrowed, and the care of the souls of a parish thence came to be denominated a benefice."—*Blackstone*.

**BIGOT.**—Camden, perhaps, has hit upon the true meaning of this word. He relates that when Rollo duke of Normandy received Gisla, the daughter of Charles the Foolish, in marriage, together with the investiture of that dukedom, he would not submit to kiss Charles's foot; and when his friends urged him by all means to comply with that ceremony, he made answer in the English tongue, "Ne se, by God;" that is, "Not so, by God." Upon which the king and his courtiers deriding him, and corruptly repeating his answer, called him *bigot*; from whence the Normans were called *bigodi*, and *bigots*. Its present acceptation is applied to those who are obstinately and perversely wedded to some opinion or practice, particularly of a religious nature.

**CARDINAL.**—A *cardo*, a hinge. The Latin church calls her principal ministers of the court of Rome cardinals, from this word *cardo*, a hinge, because on them hinges the election of the pope: and so the word ambassador, in Jer. xlix. 14, should or might be rendered. A missionary is an ambassador to the heathen, or hinge to unite them to Christ.

**CHANTRY.**—A church endowed with revenues, for priests to sing mass in for the souls of the donors.

**CHRISTIANS.**—The rites and ceremonies of the Christian church originated in the East, where Christianity was first established. It was at Antioch in the time of Constantine, that the converts to the gospel were first denominated Christians.

**CLERGYMAN,** from clerk, *clericus*, signifies any one holding a regular office, and by distinction, one who holds the holy office.—"By a clergyman, I mean one in holy orders."—*Steele*.

**CLOISTER,** in French, *cloître*, from the word *close*, signifies a certain close place in a convent; an enclosure of houses for canons; a religious house. We speak of the cloister, to designate a monastic state; as,

entering a cloister; burying one's self in a cloister; penances and mortifications are practised in a cloister:

"Some solitary cloister will I choose,  
And there with holy virgins live immur'd."—*Dryden*.

**CONVENT,** from the Latin, *conventus*, a meeting; and *converso*, to come together, signifies a religious assembly. Whoever wishes to attach himself to a community that has renounced all commerce with the world, goes into a convent.

**LIVING,** signifies literally, the pecuniary recourse by which one lives. We speak of a living as a resource immediately derived from the parish, in distinction to a curacy, which is derived from an individual.

**MINISTER,** in Latin, *minister*, a servant, from *minor*, less or inferior, one who performs a subordinate office; one who actually or habitually officiates. If a *clergyman* delegates his functions altogether, he is not a *minister*; nor is he who presides over a dissenting congregation a *clergyman*.

**MONASTERY,** in French, *monastère*, a habitation, from the Greek, *alone*. Whoever wishes to shun all human intercourse, retires to a monastery, with the view of living only to God. In the ancient and true monasteries the members divided their time between contemplation and labour, but as population increased and towns multiplied, monasteries were, properly speaking, succeeded by convents.

**PARSON.**—Johnson derives this word from "*persona*," because the parson, *omnium personam*, is *ecclesiæ sustinet*; or from *parochianus*, the parish priest, and is synonymous with the modern term *rector*, or *minister* of a parish. He is so called because he represents the *person* of the church, and hath a right to sue for whatever is due to it. "Though we write parson differently, yet it is but *person*; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a church; and it is in Latin *persona*, and *personatus* is an erseage; indeed, with the canon lawyers, *personatus* is any dignity or preferment in the church."—*Selden*. From *person*; that is, by distinction, the person who spiritually presides over a parish. The highest in the three orders of inferior clergy; that is, *parson*, vicar, and curate; the *rector*, or he who holds the living.

**PRIEST,** in German, *priester*, comes from the Greek, signifying an elder who holds the sacerdotal office; one who is ordained to officiate at the altar, in distinction from the deacon, who is only an assistant to the priest.

**PETER'S PENCE.**—In the year 725, Ina, king of the West Saxons, laudably imposed this tax for the support of an English college at Rome, but afterwards appropriated by the church for very different purposes. It was collected annually on the 1st of August.

**PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND,** held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the **PRIMATE OF ENGLAND,** by the Archbishop of York, arose as follows:—In the reign of Henry II. a synod was called at Westminster, at which the pope's legate was present; the two archbishops of Canterbury and York contended for precedence; words began blows, till at last the Archbishop of Canterbury's party pulled York from his seat to the ground, and tore his casule, chimere, and rochet from his back; the legate was put in such fear that he ran away. Next day York appealed to the pope, who interposed to put an end to divisions, and decreed that henceforth Canterbury should be styled "Primate of all England," and York, "Primate of England."—*History of the Church of Great Britain to 1667*.

**SEE, AND CATHEDRAL.**—"The Latins corruptly used the words *sedes* and *cathedra* for the bishop's throne, whence are derived our English words *see* and *cathedral*, which are appropriated to a church where a bishop's throne is fixed."—*Bingham*.

**TRINITY.**—The term trinity was first adopted in the third century, although the principle of faith had commenced long before.

**TRANSUBSTANTIATION.**—Peter of Blois, who was born in the year 1120, at Blois, in France, from whence he derived his name. He was an eminent theologian, and was the first who used the famous word *transubstantiation*, which was soon after adopted by the Church of Rome. His printed works consist of letters, sermons, and tracts.

**THE VISIBLE CHURCH.**—It is said that when some divines were disputing before Charles II. about the visible church, he turned their attention to the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill, which was afterwards proverbially called "the visible church."—*Lyson's Environs*.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR BOOKS.

*Table Talk: to which are added Imaginary Conversations by Pope and Swift.* By LEIGH HUNT. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

An elegant new year's gift, beautifully bound in blue and gold, and tastefully printed. It is a collection of LEIGH HUNT's scraps, the sparks of wit and wisdom which have been suddenly struck from his own mind, or collected and carefully treasured in the course of his discursive readings. It is strictly what it is called—*table talk*—the sort of pleasant chat

which intelligent persons would enjoy after dinner at this festal season; anecdotes, witticisms, oddities, and curiosities of literature, mingled occasionally with profounder thoughts and enduring wisdom. The delicate taste of the venerable editor and author is a guarantee that everything in this charming volume is pure, and good, and wholesome, and that it may be fearlessly placed in the hands of youth of both sexes. A few short extracts will show its quality.

### UMBRELLAS.

From passages in the celebrated verses of Swift on a Shower, which appeared in 1770, and in Gay's poem of *Trivia*, or, the *Art of Walking the Streets*, which was written a year or two afterwards, it would seem that the use of umbrellas at that time was confined to females, and those too of the poorer classes. The ladies either rode in their carriages through the rain, or were obliged to fly from it into shops:

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
To shops in crowds the dragged females fly,  
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroad,  
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,  
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.

There is no mention of an umbrella for men. The men got under a shed, like the Templar;—into a coach, or into a sedan.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,  
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed;  
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs  
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,  
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;  
And ever anon, with frightful din,  
The leather sounds: he trembles from within.  
So when Troy-chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed  
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through),  
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,  
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

In Gay's poem, the men are advised, in case the weather threatens rain, to put on their surtouts and *woor's wigs*. The footman, he says, lets down the flat of his hat. Even among the females, the use of the umbrella appears to have been confined to winter time:

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;  
Or, underneath the umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe through the wet, on chinking pattens tread.  
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load.  
When Eastern Monarchs show their state abroad:  
Britain in winter only knows its aid,  
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.

When Jonas Hanway made his appearance with an umbrella, the vulgar hooted him for his effeminacy.

Umbrellas, it is observable, are always mentioned as being oiled. I think I remember the introduction of silken ones.

### BOOKSELLERS' DEVICES.

Mr. Pickering, with no unpleasing pedantry, gives his edition of the Poets the epithet of "*Aldine*." Aldus was the great elegant publisher of his day, and Mr. Pickering is ambitious of being thought his follower. He adopts his device in the title-page, with a motto calculated to mystify the unlearned,—*Aldi Discipulus Anglus*; to wit, Aldus's English Disciple. This is good, because anything is good that has faith in books or elegance of choice; but, inasmuch as originality is a good addition to it, a device of Mr. Pickering's own would have been better. Aldus's dolphin is very well done, but it is somewhat heavy.

Mr. Taylor, the printer, a man of liberal knowledge, has a device of his own—a hand pouring oil into the midnight lamp; and the late Mr. Valpy had another, not so good, a digamma (the Greek F), which looked like an improvement upon a gallows. It seemed as if it was intended to hang two commentators instead of one; or the parson, with his clerk underneath him.

### WOMEN ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

Dr. A. Hunter said, that women who love their husbands generally lie on their right side. What did he mean by "generally?" Women who love their husbands always lie on the right side, for an obvious reason—to wit, that they cannot lie on the wrong one.

### A CHARMING CREATURE.

Shakspeare, in the compass of a line, has described a thoroughly charming girl:

Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.

### VERBAL MISTAKES OF FOREIGNERS.

The Abbé Gergel, having to send a dinner-invitation to Hume from Prince Louis de Rohan, took the opportunity of impressing the historian with his knowledge of the English language in the following terms:



"M. L'Abbé Georget fait un million de compliments à M. Hume. He makes great account of his works, admires her wit, and loves her person."

"If ever Hume shook his fat sides with laughter, it must have been at the English of M. l'Abbé Georget. There is an old joke on the coast of France about an English lady, who, in putting up at an inn, raised a great confusion in the minds of the attendants by showing herself very particular about her two "sailors" (*matelots*); when all that she meant to impress was her nicety respecting two "mattresses" (*matelas*). The Italians have similar jokes about Englishmen declining to have any more at dinner, because they have eaten "ships" (the term for which, *bastamente*, they mistake for *abastanza*, enough); upon which another declines too, on the ground that he had eaten the "anchor" (pronouncing *ancora* instead of *ancòra*, also.) I remember an English lady in Italy, who became accomplished in the language; but at the outset of her studies, it is said of her that she one day begged a coachman not to drive so fast, by the title of "spoon";—"Spoon, spoon, pray not so fast;" using the word *cucchiaio* instead of *cocchiere*.

The effect of this kind of mistake being in proportion to the gravity of the intention, I know of none better than that of an honest German (the late Mr. Stumpf, the harp-maker), who being disgusted at some trait of worldliness which he heard related, and wishing to say that rather than be guilty of such meanness, he would quit society for a hermitage, and live upon acorns, exclaimed with great animation, "Oh—I shall go into the wilderness, and live upon *unicorns*."

#### BON-MOT OF A COACHMAN.

Commendation beforehand is usually but a bad preface to a jest, or to anything else! yet I must say that I never heard anything more to the purpose, than the reply made to a shabby fellow by the driver of an omnibus. *Shabby*, on hailing the omnibus, had pathetically intimated that he had not more than a shilling, so that he could not pay the whole fare, which was eighteenpence. This representation in *forma pauperis*, the driver good-naturedly answered by desiring the gentleman to get in. The journey being ended, *Shabby*, who had either been too loud in his pathos before the passengers, or too happy in the success of it, to think of getting change from them as he went (for it is manifest, from what followed that he knew he had more than he pretended), was forced to develop from his purse a cruminary half-crown! This solid body of self-refutation, without pretending any surprise on his own part at the possession of it, and thus availing himself of an obvious opportunity, he hands to the coachman with a dry request for the difference. The coachman, still too good-natured to take any verbal notice of the pleasing apparition, but too wise not to do himself justice, returns twelve-pence to *Shabby*. *Shabby* intimates his expectation of the sixpence.

*Coachman*.—My fare, you know, sir, is eighteen-pence.

*Shabby*.—Yes; but you said I was to ride for a shilling.

*Coachman*.—I did; but you gave me to understand that you had no more in your pocket.

*Shabby*.—A bargain's a bargain.

*Coachman*.—Well, then, sir, to tell you the truth, you must know that I am the greatest liar on the road.

**The Kickleburys on the Rhine.** By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

WE are indebted to a friend for an inspection of *this* Christmas book, and as it was one of the best that has appeared, we could not apply to it the customary rule and say, "If it is not worth sending, it is not worth reviewing." It is really worthy of notice, and, as our aim is rather to guide, inform and amuse our readers than to advertise authors and booksellers by notices of books and works of art, we have availed ourselves of the loan to introduce the KICKLEBURYS to the patrons of this Journal.

THACKERAY has levelled his satire on this occasion at the Rhine travellers, among whom the KICKLEBURYS are an abundant class. There is not a railway carriage, a steamer, or a *table d'hôte* in which such a family is not to be seen.

With such companions it was the lot of Mr. TITMARSH and his friend Mr. Sergeant LANKIN to cross the channel in an Antwerp steamer. The KICKLEBURY family consisted of a vulgar, tuft-hunting, purse-proud mother; her married daughter, Mrs. MILLIKEN, who affects the spirited; her husband, an officer newly caught; Miss FANNY KICKLEBURY, courted by the

Sergeant, but in love with Captain HICKS, who follows the party like a shadow, and attended by the courier HIRSCH, a very model of that graceless functionary, and a tall footman, BOWMAN. Their destination is Rouge-et-noir-berg, on the Rhine, and their adventures thither and there, and the various characters they fall in with, are the slight materials of the story upon which the author hangs his quiet and telling satire upon Rhine life—lately so admirably described in *Household Words*, under the apt title of "The Robbers of the Rhine." This, for instance, is the picture of

#### ROUGE-ET-NOIR-BERG.

And so we passed by tower and town, and float up the Rhine. We don't describe the river. Who does not know it? How you see people asleep in the cabins at the most picturesque parts, and angry to be awakened when they fire off those stupid guns for echoes! It is as familiar to numbers of people as Greenwich; and we know the merits of the inns along the road as if they were the Trafalgar or the Star and Garter. How stale everything grows! If we were to live in a garden of Eden now, and the gate were open, we should go out, and tramp forward, and push on, and get up early in the morning, and push on again—anything to keep moving, anything to get a change, anything but quiet for the restless children of Cain.

So many thousands of English folks have been at Rouge-et-noir-berg in this and past seasons, that it is scarcely needful to alter the name of that pretty little gay wicked place. There were so many British barristers there this year, that they called the Hotel des Quatre Saisons the Hotel of Quarter Sessions. There were judges and their wives, sergeants and their ladies, Queen's counsel learned in the law, the northern circuit and the western circuit—there were officers of half-pay and full-pay, military officers, naval officers, and sheriffs' officers. There were people of high fashion and rank, and people of no rank at all—there were men and women of reputation, and of the two kinds of reputation—there were English boys playing at cricket; English pointers putting up the German partridges, and English guns knocking them down—there were women whose husbands, and men whose wives were at home—there was high church and low church—England turned out for a holiday, in a word. How much farther shall we extend our holiday ground, and where shall we camp next? A winter at Cairo is nothing now. Perhaps ere long we shall be going to Saratoga Springs, and the Americans coming to Margate for the summer.

#### Here is the first

##### INTRODUCTION TO THE KICKLEBURYS.

When Miss Fanny saw me, she stopped and smiled, and recognised the gentleman who had amused her so at Mrs. Perkins's. What a dear sweet creature Eliza Perkins was! They had been to school together. She was going to write to Eliza everything that happened in the voyage.—"Everything?" I said, in my particular sarcastic manner.—"Well, everything that was worth telling. There was a great number of things that were very stupid, and of people that were very stupid. Everything that you say, Mr. Titmarsh, I am sure I may put down. You have seen Mr. Titmarsh's funny books, mamma?"—Mamma said, she had heard, she had no doubt they were very amusing. "Was not that—ahem—Lady Knightsbridge, to whom I saw you speaking, sir?"—"Yes; she is going to nurse Lord Knightsbridge, who has the gout at Rouge-et-noir-berg."—"Indeed! how very fortunate! what an extraordinary coincidence! We are going too," said Lady Kicklebury.—"I remarked, 'that everybody was going to Rouge-et-noir-berg this year; and I heard of two gentlemen—Count Carambole and Colonel Cannon—who had been obliged to sleep there on a billiard table, for want of a bed.'—My son Kicklebury—are you acquainted with Sir Thomas Kicklebury?" her ladyship said, with great stateliness—"is at Noir-berg, and will take lodgings for us. The springs are particularly recommended for my daughter, Mrs. Milliken; and, at great personal sacrifice, I am going thither myself; but what will not a mother do, Mr. Titmarsh? Did I understand you to say that you have the *entrée* at Knightsbridge House? The parties are not what they used to be I am told. Not that I have any knowledge. I am but a poor country baronet's widow, Mr. Titmarsh; though the Kickleburys date from Henry III. and my family is not of the most modern in the country. You have heard of General Guff, my father, perhaps? Aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, and wounded by His Royal Highness's side, at the bombardment of Valenciennes. We move in our own sphere."

Now let us present in full the admirable sketch of

##### LADY KICKLEBURY'S TEMPTATION AND FALL.

The newspaper room at Noir-berg is next to the

ronette room, into which the doors are always open; and Lady K. would come, with newspaper in hand, into this play-room, sometimes, and look on at the gamblers. I have mentioned a little Russian boy, a little imp, with the most mischievous intelligence and, good humour in his face, who was suffered by his parents to play as much as he chose; and who pulled bonbons out of one pocket and Napoleons out of the other, and seemed to have quite a diabolical luck at the table. Lady Kicklebury's terror and interest, at seeing this boy, were extreme. She watched him and watched him, and he seemed always to win; and at last her ladyship put down just a florin—only just one florin—on one of the numbers at roulette, which the little Russian imp was backing. Number twenty-seven came up, and the croupiers flung over three gold pieces and five florins to Lady Kicklebury, which she raked up with a trembling hand. She did not play any more that night, but sat in the play-room, pretending to read the *Times* newspaper; but you could see her eye peering over the sheet, and always fixed on the little imp of a Russian. He had very good luck that night, and his winning made her very savage. As he retired rolling his gold pieces into his pocket, and sucking his barley-sugar, she glared after him with angry eyes; and went home, and scolded everybody, and had no sleep. I could hear her scolding. Our apartments, in the Tissich house, overlooked Lady Kicklebury's suite of rooms: the great windows were open in the Autumn. Yes; I could hear scolding, and see some other people sitting in the embrasure, or looking out on the harvest moon. Lady Kicklebury shirked away from the concert: and I saw her in the play-room again, going round and round the table; and lying in ambush behind the *Journal des Débats*, I marked how, after looking stealthily round, my lady whipped a piece of money under the croupier's elbow, and, (there having been no coin there previously) I saw a florin on the Zero. She lost that, and walked away. Then she came back and put down two florins, on a number, and lost again, and became very red and angry; then she retreated, and came back a third time, and a seat being vacated by a player, Lady Kicklebury sat down at the verdant board. Ah me! She had a pretty good evening, and carried off a little money again that night. The next day was Sunday: she gave two florins at the collection at Church, to Fanny's surprise at Mamma's liberality. On this night of course there was no play. Her ladyship wrote letters, and read a sermon. But the next night she was back at the table; and won very plentifully, until the little Russian sprite made his appearance, when it seemed that her luck had changed. She began to bet upon him, and the young Calmuck lost too. Her ladyship's temper went along with her money: first she backed the Calmuck, and then she played against him. When she played against him, his luck turned; and he began straightway to win. She put on more and more money as she lost: her winnings went: gold came out of secret pockets. She had but a florin left at last, and tried it on a number, and failed. She got up to go away. I watched her, and I watched Mr. Justice Æchus, too, who put down a Napoleon when he thought nobody was looking. The next day my Lady Kicklebury walked over to the money changers, where she changed a couple of circular notes. She was at the table that night again: and the next night, and the next night, and the next. By about the fifth day she was like a wild woman. She scolded so, that Hirsch, the courier, said he should retire from monsieur's service, as he was not hired by Lady Kicklebury: that Bowman gave warning, and told another footman in the building, that he wouldn't stand the old cat no longer, blow him if he would: that the maid (who was a Kicklebury girl) and Fanny cried: and that Mrs. Milliken's maid, Finch, complained to her mistress, who ordered her husband to remonstrate with her mother. Milliken remonstrated with his usual mildness, and, of course was routed by her ladyship. Mrs. Milliken said "give me the daggers," and came to her husband's rescue. A battle royal ensued. The scared Milliken hanging about his blessed Lavinia, and entreating and imploring her to be calm. Mrs. Milliken was calm. She asserted her dignity as mistress of her own family: as controller of her own household, as wife of her adored husband; and she told her mamma, that with her or hers she must not interfere; that she knew her duty as a child: but that she also knew it as a wife, as a ——. The rest of the sentence was drowned as Milliken, rushing to her, called her his soul's angel, his adored blessing. Lady Kicklebury remarked, that Shakespeare was very right in stating, how much sharper than a thankless tooth it is to have a serpent child. Mrs. Milliken said, the conversation could not be carried on in this manner: that it was best her mamma should now know, once for all, that the way in which she assumed the command at Pigeoncot was intolerable; that all the servants had given warning, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could be soothed: and that, as their living together only led to quarrels and painful recriminations (the

calling her, after her forbearance, a *serpent child*, was an expression which she would hope to forgive and forget, they had better part. Lady Kicklebury wears a front, and, I make no doubt, a complete jasey; or she certainly would have let down her back hair at this minute, so overpowering were her feelings, and so bitter her indignation at her daughter's black ingratitude. She intimated some of her sentiments, by ejaculatory conjurations of evil. She hoped her daughter might not feel what ingratitude was; that she might never have children to turn on her and bring her to her grave with grief. "Bring me to the grave with fiddle-stick!" Mrs. Milliken said with some asperity. "And, as we are going to part, Mamma, and as Horace has paid everything on the journey as yet, and we have only brought a very few circular notes with us, perhaps you will have the kindness to give him your share of the travelling expenses; for you, for Fanny, and your two servants, whom you would bring with you, and the man has only been a perfect hindrance and great useless log, and our courier has had to do everything. Your share is now eighty-two pounds."—Lady Kicklebury at this gave three screams, so loud that even the resolute Lavinia stopped in her speech. Her ladyship looked wildly: "Lavinia! Horace! Fanny, my child," she said, "come here, and listen to your mother's shame."—"What?" cried Horace, aghast.—"I am ruined! I am a beggar! Yes; a beggar. I have lost all—all at yonder dreadful table."

But TITMARSH defends, or seems to defend, the gambling-tables and their proprietor. Hear, lastly,

#### THE MORAL.

And if you lose, worthy friend, as possibly you will, at Lenoir's pretty games, console yourself by thinking that it is much better for you in the end that you should lose, than that you should win. Let me, for my part, make a clean breast of it, and own that your humble servant did, on one occasion, win a score of Napoleons, and beginning with a sum of no less than five shillings. But, until I had lost them again, I was so feverish, excited, and uneasy, that I had neither delectation in reading the most exciting French novels, nor pleasure in seeing pretty landscapes, nor appetite for dinner. The moment, however, that graceless money was gone, equanimity was restored, Paul Férol and Eugene Sue began to be terrifically interesting again; and the dinners at Noir-berg, though by no means good culinary specimens, were perfectly sufficient for my easy and tranquil mind. Lankin, who played only a lawyer's rubber at whist, marked the salutary change in his friend's condition; and, for my part, I hope and pray that every honest reader of this volume who plays at M. Lenoir's table, will lose every shilling of winnings before he goes away. Where are the gamblers whom we have read of? Where are the card players whom we can remember in our early days? At one time, almost every gentleman played, and there were whist tables in every lady's drawing-room. But trumps are going out along with numbers of old-world institutions; and, before very long, a blackleg will be as rare an animal as a knight in armour.

*Hints for Happy Hours: or, Amusements for all Ages.* London: Mozley.

It is truly observed in the preface, that when a large party of people of various ages are domesticated together in a country-house, it is a difficult task to devise evening entertainments in which the juniors of a family may join with as much ease and satisfaction as their elders.

The little volume before us has been compiled in hope to supply this want, and it amply fulfils its purpose. The author has judiciously adopted the framework of a fiction, in order to introduce her hints; and, laying the scene in the Grange, she brings forward to be the actors in it Mr. and Mrs. MAITLAND, and their six children, who have resolved that the Christmas shall pass merrily, and at the same time not without improvement, and by whom are devised a series of games that fully and delightfully occupy their evenings. Many of these are new—others are well known, only they are more familiarly and intelligibly described here than we have seen them before. The entertainments include conundrums, rhymings, acting charades, guesses at truth, puzzles, bouts rimés, arithmetical posers, dramatised proverbs, German and French enigmas, *bon mots*, ting tang, &c., &c. A more acceptable and useful Christmas present than this has not come under our notice.

*The Dream Chintz.* By the Author of "A Trap to catch a Sunbeam," "Old Jollife," &c. London: Wright. 1851.

THE authoress of this beautiful little volume has a special faculty for writing Christmas books. Her former works of this class will not be forgotten by those who

read them, and the present surpasses them in the interest of the story, and in simplicity, combined with poetry, in the telling of it. Its aims, too, are equally laudable—to improve the heart, and cultivate the kindly and generous sympathies of her youthful readers—in these respects, and in some other excellencies of style, being second only to CHARLES DICKENS. The illustrations, which are numerous, are extremely clever—full of spirit and expression—and prove Mr. GODWIN to be the possessor of a higher talent than, as yet, he has had credit for. The volume is most delicately bound in green and gold, so that its exterior is as attractive as its interior is pleasing, and it needs only to be seen to be secured by any person seeking a new-year's gift, and to be hailed with delight by the fortunate recipient.

*The King of the Golden River, or, the Black Brothers. A Legend of Styria.* London: Smith, Elder and Co.

THE attraction of this volume will be the illustrations from the inimitable pencil of RICHARD DOYLE. The story is amusing, and well told, having been written, as the preface informs us, for the amusement of a very young lady, and without the slightest purpose of publication. But certainly it deserves to be printed, as a pleasant Christmas book, especially when it is honoured with such an illustrator. Never has DOYLE exerted himself to more advantage than here: such grotesqueness combined with so much grace; such imp; such fanciful letters; such luxuriance of imagination—all the fun of CRUIKSHANK without his excess of caricature. Of these sketches, the like of which no living artist could produce, there are no less than twenty-one, a treasure in themselves, and worth more than the cost of the whole volume, which, however, is, in itself, as elegant a New Year's gift as one would desire to offer.

*The Comic Almanac.* Edited by H. MAYHEW. London: Bogue.

CRUIKSHANK illustrates this merry annual as formerly, but not, as it seems to us, with his former humour. He is certainly less comic, and his drawing is singularly rude and blotchy. Nor is Mr. MAYHEW so happy as he used to be: his recent squabbles have ruffled his spirits, and his jokes are far-fetched—his mirth is forced. Altogether there is a falling off in *The Comic Almanac* which we regret to notice, but truth compels us.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary. Comprising an Account of her Missions under the Orders of Kossuth to the different Posts of the Hungarian Army during the Contest.* By the Baroness Von BECK. 2 vols. Bentley.

HERE is a true heroine! Amid the multitude whose devotion to their country will make the Hungarian war ever memorable, the Baroness Von BECK will be pre-eminent for patriotism, for courage, moral and physical, for endurance, for all the qualities that make the hero. Her husband was killed in the barricades at Vienna, and on his corpse she swore to dedicate herself to vengeance upon his foes. She listened readily to a proposition made to her by the democratic party in Vienna, "to undertake the negotiation of an alliance with the Magyars, which was considered to be of the utmost importance to the liberal cause." Having undertaken the task, she permitted no danger, difficulty nor obstacle to dissuade her from its prosecution. At immense personal risk, through perils innumerable and by help of various disguises, she passed the Austrian lines in safety, reached Presburg, performed her mission there, holding frequent consultations with the Hungarian chiefs, and then returned to Vienna with the despatches. The indomitable perseverance displayed in this enterprise led to her employment in others of yet greater difficulty and danger, in the prosecution of which she assumed various disguises, sometimes appearing as an actress, now as a camp-follower, then as a milliner. All this afforded to her uncommon opportunities for observing the aspects of the war and the characters of the various personages who were prominent in it, of all of whom she has given her opinion freely. Of GEORGY she remarks that she suspected him to be a traitor long before his designs had revealed themselves,

probably before he was quite conscious of being such, when the thought first began to intrude itself, and before it had taken shape.

As it may be concluded that, from such materials, an extremely curious and amusing work has been composed, and not the less attractive reading because the partisanship of the Baroness colours her portraits and her feelings often control her judgment. But her narrative of her remarkable adventures, more wild and various than any romance, is told with uncommon spirit, and will be read with profoundest interest, as a few of the many passages we have scored in the course of its perusal will sufficiently prove. To these we will now turn, without further preface, having explained the design and character of the work from which they are taken.

This was

#### ONE OF THE BARONESS'S ADVENTURES.

We now clothed ourselves in dresses resembling those worn by the peasantry of the district; and, in accordance with our assumed characters, laid in a pretty good stock of brandy, liqueurs, &c. My papers, money, and everything of any value belonging to me, I intrusted to the care of General Lazar, and mounting in a country cart, in perfect character, drove to Almatz; where we arrived at midnight, and took up our lodgings at an inn. From thence we drove to Seen; where we were obliged to relinquish our vehicle, and pursue our way on foot, lest we should arouse the suspicions of the Austrian outposts, with which we expected to fall in every moment. For two long hours we toiled over a wild heath, without meeting a single individual or a human habitation. This suited me very badly, as I was obliged to carry my heavy hamper on my back all the way, which was too much for my strength; and the rough wickers of the basket cut through my dress, and wounded my back so severely that the marks are still visible.

At length we descried upon the verge of the horizon what we concluded to be a small road-side inn. We were rejoiced at the sight, and hastened forward to avail ourselves of its hospitable shelter; but before we could reach it another object appeared in view, moving rapidly towards us, which, to our great terror, we soon found was a company of Seressaners. On they came at a wild gallop, in their blood-red uniform, in a right line with us, and only checked their horses when they came close to us. I was greatly alarmed at the appearance of these desperate marauders. I had heard innumerable tales of their savagery, and had seen something of their rude barbarity at Vienna. It was well known that neither human life nor female honour had any sanctity for them. They asked us, in the Croat language, whence we had come and whither we were going. I answered at hazard, in the Slavonian, that we belonged to the inn just before us. With this they seemed satisfied, and with a savage shout again started off at full speed; whilst we, almost annihilated with terror, pursued our way to the inn, as it in truth proved to be. Here we found several Hungarians, who gave us a kind reception; but I was so discomposed by our meeting with this lawless band upon the wild moor, that I could neither eat nor drink for some time. At length our agitation subsided a little, and having rested and refreshed ourselves, we resumed our journey.

We had not proceeded very far, when we were again interrupted; but this time by human beings, namely, an Austrian cavalry patrol, belonging to the Johann dragons, and consisting of eight men, commanded by a corporal. With these we effected our first sale of brandy and cigars; and having told them that we wished to go to the Austrian camp to dispose of our stock, the corporal, a German, directed us on the way with much civility.

Turn we now to a more affecting picture of

#### THE FAMILY OF KOSSUTH.

Kossuth's family were set at liberty, that is to say, his mother and his three sisters. His children were still in prison, and continued in captivity till the following year. They were three in number: Wilma, a beautiful little maiden of ten; and two boys, Ferenz, aged eight, and Lajos, six years. The father's bright spirit animated them all.

When Haynau visited them, he addressed them in German, and they, to his great embarrassment, answered in Hungarian, of which he was totally ignorant. The eldest lad then said to him in German: "What! so renowned a man as you not understand Hungarian!" Haynau scarcely knew what to say to this; it was evident that the boy looked upon the Magyar language as the natural speech of all soldiers. I visited them myself afterwards at Presburg, when little Wilma said to me: "What do you think, Baroness? Haynau has



been to see us, and promised that we should soon leave this nasty prison. But indeed," added she with a proud look, which reminded me of her father, "I assure you we did not ask him to let us out; for he is papa's enemy."

With the exceptions of being in captivity, and separated from their parents, they were as comfortable as their friends could desire. They had a tutor and servants, and were very carefully attended to. The citizens of Presburg were never weary of showing their affection for them. Their rooms were strewn with toys, and everything likely to please children. The slightest wish of the little creatures was instantly gratified by the good people of Presburg, regardless of expense or trouble; and it was well for the children that they did not continue long the objects of such affectionate, almost idolatrous, homage. It might have effectually spoiled them. As for the mother of the children, whether she had concealed herself or fled, whether she was dead or living, nobody knew.

I have been led into this long digression by the mention of Kossuth's family, which I had now the consolation of seeing as happy as they could be, whilst he was in sorrow and exile. I had the further satisfaction, during those days, of seeing my efforts on behalf of the imprisoned Daniels crowned with the most successful results. He was set at liberty.

He came to me immediately to thank me for what I had done, and we went together to pay a visit to the Kossuth ladies. We found them in great joy at their recovered liberty. Their house presented the appearance of a royal reception. The street was thronged with the carriages of the nobility and gentry hastening to congratulate them. It was with much difficulty we approached the door. I rejoiced exceedingly that this manifestation of public feeling took place, in spite of the suspicions which attached to every one who dared to admire the great man, who was thus honoured in his relatives. But it was not mere feeling, it was a deeper principle of love and devotion.

This principle took expression in the least questionable form, for many of the richest of the Magyar nobility offered their houses and lands to the family of Kossuth, and would truly have deemed it an honour to have supplied them with everything in their possession, even to the impoverishing of themselves. Kossuth had left the country poor, as he was born. The wealth of a nation had passed through his hands, but they were clean from any soil. Even his relatives who were thus caressed and honoured, had no earthly means of subsistence; but the poorest peasant in Hungary would have gladly curtailed his scanty meal to contribute to the ease and happiness of that name which was the object of his highest admiration.

When I told the venerable mother that I was about to leave the country, and would probably see her son in his exile, she wept upon my neck long and bitterly; she kissed me and blessed me in the old patriarchal manner. "Greet my son," said she, "with all the love of a mother's heart; tell him from me to seek under the palms of the East that repose which he must not hope for in his fatherland; tell him that, though he has not been able to save it, there is a righteous and merciful providence, which in its own time, will bring us peace and freedom. Go, my daughter, and may God be ever with you!"

With this farewell, I parted from the mother of the greatest and loftiest of men. She was a small woman, with white hair and black sparkling eyes. In her youth she had been beautiful, and had preserved considerable remains of her early grace till within the last two years; but continued anxiety on account of her son, with her recent trouble, had entirely banished her good looks, and reduced her to a mere skeleton. Her lively manner was subdued; every word she spoke was accompanied with tears. Her voice had a touching tremor, which no one could hear unmoved.

#### Take now a lady's description of

##### A BATTLE.

I ascended the tower myself, and obtained a position on one of the pinnacles, from which I could plainly discern the movements of the two armies. To those who have never seen large multitudes of men engaged in deadly conflict it would be impossible to describe the sensations with which I looked upon the awful scene. The two armies were drawn up in nearly parallel lines; and from each there issued a continued stream of fire, which was all the more dreadful from being partially obscured by the smoke, that rolled upwards heavily, and formed a dark canopy above the infuriated combatants. The wind occasionally swept away the sulphurous clouds, and revealed the straight lines of soldiers, like stone-walls, immovable and brilliant with fire; but the thick black vapour soon again hid them from our view. From time to time we observed bodies of horsemen issue from out of the clouds of smoke and rush up to the opposing columns; sometimes they penetrated through them, and at others they were received with a frightful

discharge of cannon, before which they were swept back like dust. This continued for about an hour, without any perceptible change having taken place in the relative positions of the two armies. We then noticed, that at each end of the Austrian line the stream of fire was advancing, and the whole line assuming a concave form, whilst the Hungarian fire was withdrawing at the corresponding points, and the line becoming convex.

After a little time, the two seemed to mingle together in undistinguishable confusion; the rolling of the musketry and the thundering of the cannon became indescribably furious, and then began gradually to relax, until at length the booming of the artillery alone was heard, at distant intervals, and then it ceased altogether. The battle was lost and won. The Hungarians, out of eight thousand men which they had brought into the field, lost one half in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The other half had been completely surrounded, and had cut their way through the enemy. It was this heroic and successful attempt which had kindled up afresh the vividness of the firing towards the close of the battle, and which gave the Hungarians the claim of superior valour, though victory had declared on the side of the Austrians.

In the cause of humanity as in that of patriotism the Baroness knew not fear. She even ventured into the tiger's den—into the presence of the merciless HAYNAU—to beg of the butcher the life of a friend.

##### AN INTERVIEW WITH HAYNAU.

Of all the multitude in the Neugebäude, the only one to whom I could bring any comfort was Daniels. His affairs were in a fair way of arrangement, but his personal danger was still great. He begged me to see Haynau, and to prevail upon him, if possible, at least, to hear Daniels in his own defence. The prisoners knew of the death of Bathany, but as yet the fatal tidings from Arad had not reached them, and every one made it a duty to conceal these atrocities from them.

I left this place of mourning and retired to my hotel. I had pledged myself to see Haynau on Daniels's behalf, and my promise must now be fulfilled. I went to Haynau's residence, and, after waiting a long time, was introduced to his presence. He received me politely, and I felt encouraged. I told him that I had come on behalf of Colonel Daniels, and mentioned that he was the father of a helpless family; that he had not fought against Austria, and dwelt particularly on his having saved the royal estates from destruction, of which, I said, I could bring him satisfactory evidence. Haynau said that the chief bailiff of the crown property had been already with him, and had represented the services of the prisoner upon that occasion in a very favourable light; that this afforded sufficient ground for his pardon, but still he could not be liberated until it came to his turn to be examined. This was very satisfactory.

I felt emboldened to present a petition which Kossuth's mother had intrusted to me, praying that his children might be placed with herself. He took the paper and read it, and his natural character returned: he was Haynau once more; a dark frown, like a thunder-cloud, gathered upon his brow. "What!" said he, in a voice hoarse with passion, "what! do you want the children to receive the same revolutionary training as their father? The women of Hungary have the devil in their hearts, and are guilty of infinite mischief. No, I tell you; the girl shall be placed in a convent, and the boys brought up in Vienna under surveillance. Go: that is the will of his Majesty." He asked me how I had become acquainted with Kossuth and his mother? I told him what I thought proper, and he left me with a volley of filthy abuse against the illustrious exile and his family. These were bad tidings to bring to the aged mother. I tried to comfort her as well as I could, and after this visited her much more frequently than I did before.

#### Now for an

##### ANECDOTE OF JELLACHICH.

They told me many things comic as well as painful; amongst others, an anecdote of Jellachich was related with great zest. When he entered Pesth, he heard that the young Countess Karolyi possessed a palace there, in which she was then residing; the fame of her beauty and amiability had been long known to him, and he thought this a favourable opportunity of recommending himself to her notice. He therefore quartered himself at her residence, and strove with all his power to make himself agreeable to her, but without success.

He had the most profound faith in his personal charms, and believed that such an Adonis as he must prove irresistible. He could not understand, therefore, why the young Countess did not surrender at discretion; but he was utterly confounded when, wishing to have an interview with her, one morning, he received a

message that the Countess was not at home to him. He went at once to the Tiger Hotel, bursting with mortification; and to revenge himself sent for his "bill," that he might pay the beautiful Karolyi for his board and lodging. She saw his meaning, and instead of taking offence, sent him actually an account, in which everything he had had at her palace was charged for at a monstrous price. So far the exchange was, perhaps, only fair; but the Croat could not digest the indignity put upon his self-esteem, and all his love for Karolyi turned into a desire for vengeance, which he gratified by filling her palace with common soldiers. Thus ended the renowned Ban's first love adventure in Pesth, to the inextinguishable mirth of the worthy citizens.

Let those who deride the efforts of the peacemakers, instead of doing as, if they were Christians they would do, bidding them God speed in their holy work, read this description of war and blush that they should give to it their sanction.

##### PICTURE OF A TOWN TAKEN.

A guerilla band, which consisted chiefly of persons belonging to that town, had some time before captured a Russian prince, and more recently a courier of the same nation, whose despatches they took from him: both the prince and the courier were sent as prisoners to Komorn. General Grabbe, as soon as his corps obtained possession of the district, sent a requisition to Loshonez to deliver up the prisoners and the despatches within twenty-four hours, or to abide his vengeance. As it was impossible to comply with this demand, he let loose his troops upon the helpless town, with full licence to use the inhabitants as they pleased. I need hardly say that deeds at which humanity shudders, and which it would stain this fair paper with a burning blot of shame to record, were perpetrated. For several hours the wildest and most diabolical passions of the human heart raged in this wretched town, until at length, worn out with slaughter and wickedness, the brutal executioners of a still more brutal will set fire to the scene of their abominations, and the ashes of their unhappy victims were soon mingled with that of the habitations which had witnessed these atrocities.

A more pitiful and tragic scene than this town presented have I never dreamt of, much less seen. The destruction of Pesth was a holiday amusement compared with what had been perpetrated here. I cannot trust my pen even to name the horrors which I witnessed; suffice it to say, that of the whole population there was not one family left alive which would not have deemed it a mercy and a kindness to have died under the ruins of their habitations. I found a lady of rank striving to hide her shame in a ditch overgrown with weeds, for the devilish wretches had taken all her clothing from her. I gave her all the garments I could spare from my own person, and strove to comfort her breaking heart as she sobbed upon my bosom. May the laurels of Grabbe wither and cleave to his brow, an everlasting reproach for this deed of sin and infamy. Glory! is this glory? Is this the sublime integrity and virtue which we admire in the heroes of old? Is this the stern sense of right which alone can make courage anything superior to a fierce brute instinct? No: this was the conduct of a monster, with the shape of a man, and the heart of a wolf; a villain, whose name should be pronounced with loathing by all who feel one kindling blush of shame, one thrill, however feeble, of human emotion.

Let us conclude, however, with a more agreeable scene: like all things in this world war has its bright as well as its dark side. The following is a sketch of

##### THE POETRY OF WAR.

I arrived there on the 8th of November, weary in mind and body, and almost despairing of being able to render any service to my oppressed country. The Austrian troops were encamped before the town, and presented a highly picturesque appearance as I approached them just at nightfall. The country on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, was thickly studded with watch-fires, which gave sufficient light to render the various movements and occupations of the soldiers perceptible. Some sauntered about, others were lying down around the fires; several groups were busy with their field-cookery, others were playing at cards, and in many places large parties were amusing themselves with dancing. The rude camp-music of the soldiers, and their still ruder songs, were mingled with the hoarse challenge of the sentry, and the stern word of command; and these various sounds were sustained by a strange, ceaseless, undefinable murmur, out of which they seemed to be produced, and into which they seemed to sink back again; whilst the striking uniforms of the soldiers, and their exaggerated shadows passing swiftly over the white tents, gave an uncouth character to the scene. The red flames of the watch-fires, as they

occasionally shot up higher into the air, and caused the whole to come out for a moment into stronger relief, gave it an unearthly aspect, more like the creation of some troubled dream than a living reality. The only interruption I experienced here was from a non-commissioned officer; whose questions, being easily answered, left me to pursue my route towards the town.

Marchegg is a handsome town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the March, and surrounded with beautiful verdant hills. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and was of no mean importance at the period of the Turkish wars, when it was strongly fortified. The remains of the fortifications still exist, and add much to the romantic beauty of the town. The place belongs to Prince Palfy, who occasionally resides there. The Austrians had posted a large body of men in the marketplace, with a park of artillery. It was highly amusing to witness the astonishment of the simple townsfolk at the great guns; which was only equalled by their delight at the music of the military band, which was playing before the castle of Prince Palfy, where the colonel had his quarters.

We must now reluctantly take leave of the Baroness with a renewed tribute of admiration.

*Oracles from the British Poets.* BY JAMES SMITH, Author of "Rural Records," &c. Washbourne. 1850.

A new edition of a deservedly popular little book. It truly deserves the designation of a "A Drawing Room Table Book, and Pleasant Companion for a round Party." This edition is low in price, and neatly bound. *The Game of the Oracles* is not only an innocent, but an instructive amusement.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*The Looker-On*, Vol. I., is the completion of the first volume of a very small literary miscellany, containing some more than respectable compositions by two writers who call themselves FRITZ and LIOLETT.

*The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*, No. XXVI., which is understood to be edited by Mr. PUSEY, M.P. for Berkshire, is highly creditable to the society from which it emanates, and whose proceedings it records. This number opens with a review, by the editor, of "The Progress of Agricultural Knowledge during the last Eight Years," and a very promising report it is. In every department there has been manifested decided progress: vegetable and animal chemistry have been pursued with diligence, and many important discoveries have rewarded the industry of the experimentalists. Agricultural mechanics have made an astonishing advance, as the new implements described by Mr. PUSEY sufficiently prove. Draining, from being rare, has become almost universal, and is conducted with more efficiency, and at a vastly diminished cost. Four-footed game has decreased, and this Mr. PUSEY deems to be a great benefit to the country. Manures are better understood, and more wisely and profitably applied. The modes of tillage and the rotation of crops have undergone changes for the better, and, altogether, the prospect is extremely cheering. Professor GRAHAM's remarks on the Potato Disease will be read with great interest. He attributes it to Parasitic Fungi. Colonel CHALLONER's report on the Exhibition and Trade of Implements at Exeter is a paper of much value. Messrs. WAY and OGSTON publish their fourth report on the analysis of the ashes of plants. The Diseases of Cattle and Sheep, the Cost of Agricultural Buildings, the Breeding and Management of Pigs, Irrigation as practised in Switzerland, Rape Cake as food for stock, the Climate of the British Isles, the Farming of Somersetshire, and Miscellaneous results from the Laboratory, are the subjects of the other papers contributed to this number, each by the best authority on its subject. The Appendix contains reports of the proceedings of the Society. It is embellished by numerous illustrative engravings, Maps and Table, and the work must be invaluable to all who are interested in agriculture, whether theoretically or practically, to landlord or tenant, to the amateur and the professional farmer.

#### MUSIC.

*Jullien's Cadeau for 1851.* Jullien and Co.

*The Postilion Polka.* By HERMAN KOENIG. Jullien and Co.

*La Garde Nationale Polka.* Jullien and Co.

A PARCEL of music from JULLIEN's, and which is always welcome, because there is spirit and character in it. Especially is it music for the dance; it inspires the feet, and keeps the ball-room alive. *The Cadeau for 1851* contains KOENIG's beautiful "Rose de Mai Valse;" the "Sturm March Galop;" the "St. Leger-Day Quadrilles;" and KOENIG's fine "Postilion Polka;" all arranged for the pianoforte. *The Garde Nationale Polka* was brought out at the recent Bal Masqué, amid shouts of applause and endless encores, and it cannot

fail to be the favourite of the ball-rooms during the winter. A more welcome group of music could not be presented to pianoforte players at this season.

*The Mountain Daisy.* Composed by G. LINLEY. Jullien and Co.

*The Bay of Naples.* Composed by DONIZETTI. Jullien and Co.

*Dora; or my Child-wife's Farewell.* Composed by GERALD STANLEY. Jullien and Co.

*Agnes; or, I've Loved You all my Life.* By the Same. Jullien and Co.

FOUR pieces of vocal music from the same publisher. The two first, "The Mountain Daisy" and "The Bay of Naples," have been made widely known and popular by the delicious singing of JETTY TREFFZ; and they need no recommendation. Mr. STANLEY's two ballads are founded upon well-known incidents in *David Copperfield*. The words are pretty, and the music plaintive and appropriate.

#### Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

WE were lured (says *The Morning Chronicle* of Tuesday) to Miss Kelly's little theatre in Dean-street, last evening, in the hope that an infant tragedian, announced for a performance in *Hamlet*, might possess some talent. The child gesticulates conventionally, and declaims evidently without any comprehension of the text—a mere parrot, and a badly taught one.—Mr. Lumley is now defendant in a trial whereby the heirs of Donizetti and M. Bayard, the author of the *libretto* of *La Fille du Regiment*, claim their *droits d'auteur* on the Italian translation, in which Madame Sontag has been so successfully singing. Signor Ferranti is said to have succeeded as *Figaro*, in *Il Barbieri*.—The Transatlantic journals announce that Miss Catharine Hayes intends to pay "the States" a visit.—Mr. Lindsay Sloper intends recommencing his pianoforte *soirees* this winter.—M. Auber's new opera, the *Enfant Prodigue*, has been brought out at the Académie Royale de Musique in Paris. The piece has been splendidly got up, and the *mise en scene* is magnificent; but the first representation has disappointed public expectation.—Madame Stoltz and Madame Clara Novello are the winter stars at the Italian Opera House at Lisbon.—We learn that a German manufacturer, represented by an agent in the city, is constructing a musical bed, directly the occupant of which presses it, soothing airs will be emitted; and, thus lulled, he may sink luxuriously into the arms of sleep.—We may notice here Miss Dolby's third *soiree* as having taken place. This merited the praise given to her former Chamber Concerts, as having been happily various in the music selected. In particular, a song by Mr. Frank Mori must be mentioned,—to some words by Southey.—On Saturday last the election to the scholarships of the Royal Academy of Music was decided by the examiners. The successful candidates were Miss E. Sadler and Mr. W. H. Aylward, an academy student. Mr. R. Thomas and Mr. Schröder were also especially distinguished. The meeting of the commissioners of the class for musical instruments for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations for 1851 was held the same day, Sir H. Bishop presiding, when the necessary arrangements were made for the candidates.—Jenny Lind anecdotes are, as might be anticipated, the staple gossip of the town at New York; and had we a Horace Walpole to perpetuate them, posterity would be the gainer of much fun and wisdom in the retrospect of 1850. One of these stories which everybody knows, has one or two social and general moralities weaved in with it, which puts it beyond the small talk of the hour. *Si non e vero e ben trovato*. On the arrival at her rooms of several lady visitors specially invited, Jenny sees a strange face among them, the owner of which had pushed a point of propriety—for the sake of the *lionne*—in being present. In making the rounds of the chairs, the Queen of Song fell in with the adventurous unknown. "What, madam, do you want?" "I have heard you sing and have come to see you." "Do you take me for a wild beast, that you come to see me?" was the emphatic English of the indignant reply. The lady's mortification finds vent in a flood of tears and an immediate movement for the door. Jenny locks it and pockets the key, and vainly seeks at the piano to sing away the mischief. "You shouldn't mind it," says Jenny, "I can't be good always." On talking the affair over with her friends, she asked how she had behaved, and was answered "Very rudely." "That," she replied, "is the first time I have heard anything but a compliment in America." In the absence of any special news of interest, we may chronicle the following complimentary correspondence between an indispensable friend of the New York drama and the Lady of the Day: "New York, October, 1850. Honoured and Respected Lady, Mdle Jenny Lind, permit the oldest American actor and original Costumer, to present a humble offering in the form of one of his patent gilt leather portfolios. It is a fac-simile of one he presented to Victoria, Queen of England, in 1837, when he was residing in London. Your acceptance will confer a lasting favour on your most respectful and obedient servant to command.

Andrew Jackson Allen, Costumer, No. 37, Bowery."—"New York, November 25, 1850. Dear Sir, I beg you will excuse my not having before answered your kind letter, but my time having been so much occupied, you must oblige me by making some allowance for neglect. The splendid gold portfolio with which you so kindly presented me, I have duly received, and allow me to express my admiration for the same, being, without exception, the most beautiful thing of the kind that I ever have seen. Begging you to accept my sincere thanks for the great attention thus paid to me, I remain, dear sir, yours very truly, Jenny Lind. A fac-simile of the portfolio, and the Jenny Lind letter, to be seen at the Rialto, No. 37, Bowery." The little appreciation at present entertained of the old dramatic literature of our country both by book buyers and the public generally, was curiously exhibited during the past week, as far as prices are concerned, by the sale at Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson's of the extensive dramatic library of the late Mr. John Fullarton,—well known, no doubt, to many of our readers by his works on many intricate questions connected with the currency. Rare plays and tracts which used to realize in the days of Stevens and Malone, of Heber and the Duke of Roxburgh—as lately, in deed, as the time of Mr. Jolley and Mr. Miller—prices which forbade persons with purses of ordinary depth to enter into competition with the least chance of success—sold on the present occasion for less than a half, and some as low as two-thirds, of their former amounts. The "John Daye" edition, without date, of *Ferrex and Porrex*, brought 8l. 15s.,—the very same copy having brought at Bindley's sale, as much as 16l. 10s. The rare play of *Warning for fair Women* (4to. 1599), sold for 8l. 5s.,—Mr. Fullarton having paid for it at Mr. Jolley's sale (a few years ago) as much as 19l. 5s., and, it is said, thinking it cheap at that price. The *Tragedie of Antonio*, by the Countess of Pembroke (4to. 1595), was knocked down at 5l. *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypool*, as sundrie times acted by the children of Powles (4to. 1600), brought 3l. 10s.;—while *The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham*, was knocked down for 2l. 16s. The *D'Urfey Plays* brought 2l. 15s.;—and the *Settle's* 1l. 18s.,—the latter including the first edition of *The Empress Morocco*, adorned "with sculptures,"—a play so rare that Kemble had failed in finding a copy, and was enabled to add one to his collection only by Sir Walter Scott stripping his Dryden books to give it to him.

#### ART JOURNAL.

##### Talk of the Studios.

It is rumoured that a final determination has been come to that the marble arch shall be erected at Cumberland-gate, Hyde-park.—The long-deferred *Lyrics of the Heart*, which, with their profusion of picture accompaniment, the public have been led to look for so many years, are at length published; and among the number of illustrated books which habitually make their appeal at this period of the year, the beautiful volume which contains them is not likely to find a rival.—The distribution of the premiums offered by the Royal Academy to its students took place on Tuesday evening week. This being the first public occasion on which the new President, Sir Charles Eastlake, has met the students, he, after a few remarks preliminary to the delivery of the medals, proceeded to make some general observations to them on the nature and objects of their studies. In a graceful and earnest manner, he spoke of the days when he was himself of the student class, and sat on the same benches (in Somerset House,) from which they were now listening to his exhortations and words of encouragement as President of the institution. The address found warm and enthusiastic acceptance.

It is said in the foreign journals that the sculptor Tenerani has been commissioned to execute the tomb of his unfortunate friend and countryman, Count Rossi, —to be erected in the Church of St. Laurent, at Rome.—The Edinburgh Committee for procuring the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Lord Jeffrey have decided that it shall take the form of a work of sculpture. It will probably be a statue, for the Parliament House. The subscriptions now amount to 2,200l.—Letters from Rome announce the death in that city of Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, of Edinburgh. The circumstances are peculiarly melancholy, and convey a warning to his artistic brethren not to trifle with the deadly influence of the climate. It had been the dream of Mr. Ritchie's life to go to Rome; this year he was able to travel, and he arrived in that city in September last, with some friends as little acquainted with the nature of the malaria as himself. With these friends it appears that he made a visit to Ostia; the season was dangerous; the party took no precautions, and they all caught the malaria fever. He died after a few days' illness, and was followed to the grave by most of the English and American artists in Rome. The companions of his excursion are still indisposed, though one or two of them have returned to England.—*The Brussels Herald* says:—"The principal statues by Emile Bouré, the young artist of so much promise who died a short time ago, have been placed in the Musée. M. Bouré, senior, has presented to the gallery of sculpture some of the best works of his son. We observe among the number the *Prométhée*, the *Faune*, and the



*Amour*, which lose none of their attractions by being placed near the splendid sculptures by Kessels, in the next apartment."—*The Architect* says that the restoration of the Porte St. Denis, in Paris, which has been in progress for some time, is now completed. It has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired, and the sculpture of François Augnier may now be seen in all its original freshness. This monument was erected in 1762 by the city of Paris, from designs by François Blondel, in memory of the passage of the Rhine by Louis XIV.—The great portal of the Cathedral Church of Paris, Notre Dame, is being adorned again with the statues of the twelve apostles, such as filled its niches before the first Revolution. The figures are of stone, of large size, and have been executed in the atelier which has been formed in connexion with the cathedral by the two architects to whom the restoration of the building is intrusted.

## DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NOW OPEN IN LONDON.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 5s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 3s.; gallery, 1s. **HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 5s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 5s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

**MARLBOROUGH THEATRE AND LONDON ENGLISH OPERA.**—Drama (at present), every night. Prices:

**COLLOSSEUM.**—Panoramas and varieties; day and night. Price: 2s.

**BURFORD'S PANORAMA, Leicester Square.**—Day, 10, to dusk. Price: 1s. each.

**DIORAMA, Regent's Park.**—Day, 10, to dusk. Prices: first place, 1s.; second place, 6d.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—Science, &c.; day and night. Price, 1s.

**PANORAMA OF NILE.**—Daily, at 3 and 8. Prices: stalls, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

**PHILLIPS'S LITERARY, VOCAL, AND SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT, including Dioramas, &c.** Daily at 3 and 8 o'clock. Prices: 1s. and 2s. for reserved seats. (St. Martin's Lane.)

**FREE EXHIBITIONS OF THE INVENTIONS OF THE YEARS 1850-1.** Daily. John Street, Adelphi.

**EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.**—Old Water Colour Society. Daily. Price: 1s.

**THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN OILS.** Daily. Admission, 1s.

**DIORAMA OF AUSTRALIA.**—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, at 3, half-past 7, and 9; other days at 3 & 8. Leicester Square, (west side.) Admission 1s.; reserved seats, 2s.

**DIORAMA OF THE GANGES, 316, Regent Street.**—At half-past 2 and half-past 7 p.m. Admission 1s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—It was clearly proved on Thursday night, that "the legitimate drama" is not the thing for holiday folk. *The Winter's Tale* was produced in good style, but neither Mr. ANDERSON as *Leontes*, or Miss VANDENHOFF as *Hermione*, could quiet noisy seekers after pantomime. Scarcely a sentence could we hear, so eager were the occupants of gallery and pit for some more exciting amusement. Luckily, the pantomime did satisfy all parties, for it has plenty of stamina. *Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty*; or, *Robbin de Bobbin* and the *First Lord Mayor of London*, commences with a scene depicting Old London, and on which the Tower and the River are seen by moonlight form prominent features. *The Old Woman of Finchley* (Mr. ROMER) gives a clue to the plot. It is this: *Hugh Bucklersbury*, a goldsmith of Cheape, has a charming daughter, who is much beloved by *Hal Fitzheart of Oak* (Mons. DEVLIN.) But the *Fair Mayde's* hand is also sought by *Baron Pomme d'Armourheep Tar*, the Lord Chancellor of England. *The Goldsmith and The Old Woman of Finchley* favour the cause of the Chancellor, the latter to wreak revenge for some offence of *Hal's*. Some *Fairies* and a *Sprite of the Wishing-stone* (Mons. PARKIN) take part with the young couple. When the Chancellor is in the height of expectation, *King Richard I.* arrives in London, and the excitement caused by the event turns courting matters topsy-turvy. *Hal's* success is at length promised, on the condition that he fight a duel with *Big Ben of Highgate*, alias *Robbin de Bobbin*, a giant. He kills the monster; and, *The Old Woman of Finchley*, in revenge for the slaughter, makes the customary transformation of characters, and the less serious business of the pantomime begins. There are many effective scenes. We may instance the procession of *King Richard I.* over Old London Bridge—a really gorgeous pageant. Many tricks and diversions are introduced in the after part, and Mr. ANDERSON may lay claim to having collected a really good working company. The scenery equals anything that has ever been produced at DRURY LANE, and the pantomime was approved most boisterously by a choking house.

**HAYMARKET.**—The Brothers BROUGH have furnished the burlesque at this theatre, a species of entertainment that is certainly a vast improvement upon the pantomime. They have chosen the story of *The Calendar* who was turned into an Ape. The Princess who restores him to his human form is a sort of embodiment of modern science—a patroness of the Exhibition—a philosopher in petticoats. The Ape is introduced as an attendant on an itinerant organist and his

wife, played by Mrs. FITZWILLIAM and Mr. BUCKSTONE; Mr. BLAND plays a boisterous part as the Princess's father. But the plot is not so perfect as the Princess of the former burlesques from the same authors. The puns, however, are as numerous and as pungent as ever, and the hits at the follies of the day as telling. The scenery is beautiful and the songs are capital. Every part was well filled, and the applause at the fall of the curtain was unanimous.

**LYCEUM.**—The Christmas piece brought out here is entitled *King Charming, or the Blue Bird of Paradise*. It was composed by the experienced Mr. PLANCHE, and in all that has made the Lyceum famous for such entertainments it equals, if it does not surpass, any of its predecessors, not even excepting the renowned *Isabella*. The plot is taken from the story of *L'Oiseau Bleu* by the Countess D'ANNOIS, adapted of course to the events of the time, and abounding in allusions to the Exhibition. The principal characters are admirably supported by Madame VESTRIS, Mr. and Mrs. F. MATHEWS, Mr. H. HORNCastle, Miss ST. GEORGE, Miss MARTINDALE, and Miss ELLIS. The most remarkable feature of this magnificent spectacle, which everybody ought to see, because everybody can and will enjoy it, are *A Grand Fairy Quadrille* in the second act, *An Industrious Exhibition of the Steps of All Nations*, in which a grove of banners, containing the national flag of every country was introduced and most picturesquely grouped. The dresses, too, are costly. Madame VESTRIS has really a gorgeous costume, in her character of *King Charming*, and sings some songs with all the spirit and tone of her youthful days. The scenery is exquisitely painted, and the effects are original. *The Haunts of the Fairies* and the *Fanshee Islands* are pictures upon which the memory will dwell with pleasure—real works of art, and of a very high class too. Its success was unbounded, and we can cordially recommend every reader who may have the opportunity to see it, if he has but a single night in London, in preference to any other.

**THE ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Racy jokes and "fast" dialogue (to use a Cockneyism, which Mr. PAUL BEDFORD would by no means condemn) and scenery superior to any that the Adelphi has before produced, content the Adelphi audience. These, and pretty songs which Miss WOOLGAR renders as happily as usual, have been crammed to excess in a burlesque entitled *La Tarantula*, which has been done into English by Mr. ALBERT SMITH and a friend. There is, of course, no plot, but lots of "points" for PAUL BEDFORD, WRIGHT, and HONEY, to exercise their witting powers in making. Most of the attractive topics of the day find an echo or a jest in *La Tarantula*; and authors, and manager, and performers were alike congratulated by the laughing audience.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Although promised an order whenever desired for the purpose of noticing a new piece, no reply was returned to two applications for it with this intent, therefore we are unable to give any account of the doings at this theatre by way of guidance to our country friends visiting town.

**THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—"Boxing" night opened with a Shakspeare tragedy. Mr. BROOKE has now completely recovered his voice; and he was almost superior to himself in *Shylock*, perhaps the best of all his characters. The play was otherwise well sustained, Mrs. STIRLING being *Portia*; Mr. L. MURRAY, *Bassanio*; Mr. H. FARREN, *Gratiano*; and Mr. COMPTON, *Launcelot Gobbo*. The Christmas piece did credit to the management. It is a burlesque, written by TOM TAYLOR, and it teems with sparkling dialogue. The scenery, the costumes, and the whole getting up, are very superior, and evidence the taste as well as the exertions of superior artists. The burlesque is entitled *Prince Dorus, or the Romance of the Nose*, and is founded on the fairy tale of the same name by the Countess D'ANNOIS. The plot is simple. A malevolent old fairy, in revenge for not having been invited to the birth of *Prince Dorus*, bestows upon him a nose of unusual size, which is only to become reduced in length when he himself discovers that it is too long. He grows up without discovering that his nose is of more than the proper length, until he is about to marry, when, endeavouring to kiss the lady of his choice, he becomes aware of his defect. The evil charm is broken, and his nose becomes of the ordinary size. A very capital burlesque has been constructed on these materials. *Prince Dorus* (Mr. H. FARREN), at twenty years of age, advertises for a wife, and ladies who are desirous of the honour of his alliance send him their portraits, which are endowed by *Sir Clairvoyant* (Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, jun.), the court physician and mesmerist, magnetiser and magician in ordinary, with the power of speech, when they all exclaim against the *Prince's* nose. *Count Coqueluche* (Mr. COMPTON), gold stick in waiting, endeavours in vain to pacify them. The *Prince*, however, has fixed his choice upon the *Princess Mignonette* (Miss LOUISA HOWARD), and *Coqueluche* has been equally smitten by her attendant the *Lady Bluette* (Miss ELLEN TURNER). *Sir Clairvoyant* and *Sir Carmine* (Mr. W. SHALDERS), the court painter, who have become enamoured of the same two ladies, carry them off. They are pursued by the *Prince* and *Count Coqueluche*, who, after a variety of adventures by earth, air, fire, and water, in which they are protected of course by the good fairies, manage to dispel the charms of *Sir Clairvoyant* and obtain possession of their lady loves. Several dances

were introduced, and the acting was such as to captivate the audience, and to assure us that *Prince Dorus* must have a long run. We cannot omit again to praise the completeness and beauty of the scenery and dresses.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—The tragedy of *Isabella*, by SOUTHERN, was not well received on Thursday, not that the *caste* was imperfect, or that the play was condemned for intrinsic defects, but that the audience were impatient for pantomime. As far as we could discern amid the din, *Isabella* was never better put upon the stage, or with a finer *caste*. With a quiet house its performance would be a rich treat; and as holiday people are now silenced, our readers may betake themselves to Clerkenwell with some certainty of hearing as well as seeing. Miss GLYN, Mr. BENNETT, Mr. WALLER, and Mr. MARSTON, appear in the tragedy. The pantomime was entitled *Harlequin and the House that Jack Built* in 1851. One of the opening scenes exhibited a beautiful representation of the Crystal Palace, which called forth the applause of the audience, and which was much increased as the Nepaulese Ambassador, JENNY LIND, and various other distinguished personages arrived to visit it; but when a clerical-looking personage arrived, intended, apparently, to represent Cardinal WISEMAN, he was unceremoniously dismissed from the stage as not good enough to keep company with the other visitors. The scene in a short time changed to the adventures of *Aladdin* and the *Wonderful Lamp*; and after going through the prominent passages in the life of that worthy, *Aladdin* was changed into *Harlequin*, the *Sultan's Daughter* into *Columbine*, the *Sultan* into *Clown*, and *Aladdin's Mother* into *Pantaloon*. These parts were sustained by Mr. C. FENTON, Miss CAROLINE PARKER, Mr. CHARLES STILT, and Mr. NAYLOR. There was also a *Sprite*, enacted by Mr. R. STILT, and a *Juvenile Clown*, performed by Master CHARLES STILT. Then followed the usual tricks and transformations; there were many political allusions, and they told well. Much care and expense had been lavished on the scenery; and the piece was as successful as all Christmas pieces should be: a full house greeted it right loyally.

**SOIREE FANTASTIQUE.**—We received a complimentary invitation to visit, on Friday evening, the large rooms behind the house No. 232, Piccadilly, nearly *vis-à-vis* the Haymarket, to witness a private representation of feats in necromancy by M. and Mme Robin, a series of which is about to be performed before the public, under the title of *Soirées Parisiennes et Fantastiques*. The room has been reconstructed for the occasion. Many surprising tricks were performed. The most astonishing, however, was that which concluded the entertainment. It was entitled the *Disparition, ou Invisibilité de Madame Robin*. That lady entered in a highland costume, and mounted the centre table, on which she stood upright and immovable. A construction of chintz cotton upon a light but inflexible frame-work of wood, in the form of an extinguisher, open at the top and bottom, and resembling a shower bath, was produced, passed over the head of Madame ROBIN, and being let down to her feet, and resting on the table, completely encircled and concealed her whole person. There was no external communication visible up or down, back or front, or on either side, between this machine and any other object, except the contact by it standing on the table, and the space underneath the table was perfectly open, and free to view, and had no cohesion save four legs of the usual dimensions with the flooring. All that was visible being the table, and the extinguisher or shower bath machine which, like a tent constructed so as just to contain a single individual standing upright, was supposed by the beholders to inclose the form of Madame ROBIN. After a pause this covering was rapidly lifted up and laid on its side on the stage, when lo! nothing was under it. An apparent impossibility had been achieved. Madame ROBIN had disappeared, and there was no trace of a human form under the distended chintz, and which fabric remained distended on its frame when taken off, in the same position as when it descended and excluded Madame ROBIN from the view of the amazed beholders. Exactly the same feat was performed almost immediately afterwards by M. ROBIN upon one of the musicians. The applause was loud and continued. We recommend all who have a spare evening to go and see these perfect conjurings.

**THE COLLOSSEUM.**—A new panorama has been substituted for that of Paris, and it is scarcely less interesting. It is a view of the *Lake of Thun and the Surrounding Country*, and conveys a perfect notion of Swiss scenery. We can vouch, from personal acquaintance with the spot, for the accuracy of the representation. The *Town of Thun* lies in the foreground, the *Lake* spreads away between the mountains, and the view on that side is bounded by the range of the Jungfrau, and the snowy Alps. On the other side is the mountain from which the view is taken, dotted over with chalets, and affording charming glimpses of Swiss pastoral scenery, the houses, the people, the woods, and streams. It is cleverly painted by Messrs. DANSON. The other attractions of this noble Exhibition are the splendid *Sculpture Gallery*, full of works of art of great price, *The Swiss Cottages*, *The Caverns*, and the *Conservatories*. A selection of excellent music well played adds to the interest of the scene.

**PANORAMA OF THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.**—Mr. BURFORD has opened for the holidays a picturesque view of Lucerne, painted by Mr. SELOUS. It is

exceedingly lively and pretty; and presents an interesting contrast with the icy Panorama of the Arctic Regions.

**MADAME TUSSAULT'S WAXWORK.**—This is one of the sights of London, and one of the most interesting of them. It ever forms an immense collection of effigies, real and life-like, many dressed in their own veritable clothes, and so actual in seeming, that visitors continually speak to them, supposing them to be a portion of the crowd of spectators, and not a part of the show.

**JOHN PARRY** has been amusing the Londoners during the holidays by repetition of his charming evening "notes." We perceive that he will again appear at Store-street on the 7th of January.

## NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS AND PHYSICIANS.

### LORD NUGENT.

**LORD NUGENT's** death has occasioned very deep regret both on public and private grounds. He was a steady, courageous, and consistent politician. His sympathies with the liberal cause were active and unswerving, and were displayed unflinchingly at all times, without regard to personal consequences. Few men have made greater sacrifices for their opinions, and no man was more endeared to his friends by delightful social qualities.

He was the second son of the first Marquis of Buckingham. His elder brother was created duke in 1822. But as he drew his title, he seems also to have derived his more marked traits of character, from his mother's family. His maternal grandfather was Goldsmith's friend, Lord Clare. His mother in her childhood was Goldsmith's playfellow, and one of her harmless practical jokes is given to *Tony Lumpkin*. Thus Lord Nugent's inheritance included something higher than mere rank. He inherited a genial nature, as well as cordial tastes, and most respectable talents for literature. For Lord Clare, whose reported portliness of person had also descended to his grandson, was a writer not at all of mean mark, and there are lines in his *Ode to Pulteney* which Akenside or Pope might have written.

Lord Nugent's *Life of Hampden* is a careful and spirited piece of biography, with the defect of attempting to prove Hampden something more of a "constitutional" patriot than he really was. This was an error of which he had become sensible, and would have removed if he had lived to complete his intention of publishing a cheaper edition of the book. The same period of history suggested to him an imaginary interview between Hampden and Oliver Cromwell assumed to have been overheard and reported by an Independent divine, which he published anonymously not many years ago, and imposed for a time on his relative Mr. Thomas Grenville, no indifferent judge of such matters, as a genuine piece of Commonwealth literature. He was also the writer of a lively and entertaining book of Eastern travel; and of several detached imaginative pieces, which, with additions from Lady Nugent (a variously-accomplished as well as beautiful woman, whose charms have been perpetuated by Lawrence and Chantrey), were collected into two volumes with a title taken from his house near Aylesbury. There were few more active pamphleteers than Lord Nugent. To the great questions of the last half century, Parliamentary Reform, the Catholic Question and Law Reform, he contributed a series of telling and timely pamphlets, which never failed of their object of exciting discussion, and so far promoting the interests he had at heart.

Reviewing one of these in the *Edinburgh*, the late Sydney Smith thus happily characterised its author. "When soldiers exercise, there stands a goodly portly person out of the ranks, upon whom all eyes are directed, and whose signs and motions in the performance of the manual exercise, all the soldiers follow. The Germans, we believe, call him a *Flugelmann*. We propose Lord Nugent as a political *flugelmann*. He is always consistent, plain, and honest; steadily and straightly pursuing his object without hope or fear, under the influence of good feelings and high principle. The House of Commons does not contain within its walls a more honest, upright man."

This was true to the last moment of Lord Nugent's life. Time and change impaired nothing of his ardour for "the good old cause." The Hungarian war excited his warmest zeal, and for not a little of what was done in behalf of such of that gallant people as found refuge in London after the termination of the struggle, they had to thank his unwearied personal exertions. In this he but repeated his generous service of former years to the Greek and Spanish refugees, many of whom as the widow and brother of Riego, Arguelles, and others, derived almost solely from his limited means the reliefs and consolations of their exile. In truth a kinder heart, a more genial disposition, a more manly and honourable spirit, never existed than Lord Nugent's.

His death was an unexpected shock to his friends, who knew that he had recently and happily recovered

from a severe illness. But from an imprudent exposure to cold he underwent a relapse of rheumatic gout, which ended in low fever and erysipelas. His sufferings were intense for nearly three weeks, but he bore them with the greatest fortitude, and at last died calmly, without pain. His loss will be deplored beyond the circle of his friends; and there it will long be felt, and with peculiar sorrow. No man had excited more affectionate private regards.

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE *Newfoundland Times* gives facts establishing the probability that the whole island is rising out of the ocean with a rapidity which threatens, at no distant period, to materially affect, if not utterly destroy, many of the best harbours on the coast of Newfoundland.

A couple of extraordinary human curiosities have recently been exhibited in New York. They consist of a boy and girl of an almost extinct race of Central America. They have been well described as the most *outré* looking objects ever brought to that country. The boy is 32 inches in height, and weighs 16lbs, and in the opinion of eminent medical authority is about 10 years old. The girl is 28 inches in height, weighs 14lbs., and is believed to be about eight years of age. Their heads are not larger than a new born infant's, and they may be almost said to be destitute of foreheads while their noses are finely developed, straight and long, and project at a well defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark, and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong, dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eyebrows; the face very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree. They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood, called "Kaanass," which, by constant intermarriage within their own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature and imbecile in intellect. Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas-reliefs on the temple ruins described in Stephens's "Central America." These children are lively, playful, and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English have hitherto proved unsuccessful. They can only utter a few gibberish sounds. In the course of a visit to their rooms, a medical gentleman held out his watch to the boy, when he instantly placed his ear in contact with it, as if to listen to its ticking; and at one time, as he turned affectionately towards a little girl among the visitors, she was told to "kiss him," when he immediately placed himself in an attitude and protruded his face; the child, however, withdrew frightened. They both—but particularly the boy—have a regard to their "keeper," and at all times readily recognise him as he calls them by name. It is not improbable that these children will be brought to England shortly for exhibition.

**The Opah.**—A fine specimen of the opah or kingfish (*Lampris guttatus*, Retz. Cuvier; *Zeus Luna*, Gmel. Linnaeus) lay "in state" in a shop in this town during the early part of last week. This ichthyological curiosity, only eight specimens of which have been captured on the British coast, is as beautiful as it is rare,—so beautiful, indeed, as to have drawn from one of its observers the exclamation that it was like "one of Neptune's lords dressed for a holiday." It is a native of the Eastern seas, and is regarded by the Japanese as devoted to the deity, and as being the peculiar emblem of happiness. The length of the body, including the tail, is to the depth of the body without the fins as two to one. The form of the body is oval, the profile of the head, both above and below, falling in with the outline of the body. The scales are exceedingly small. The mouth is small, and without teeth; the tongue thick with rough papillae pointing backwards; the base of the dorsal fin is rather longer than the depth of the body; the first eight or nine rays elongated. The pectoral and ventral fins are very long; and the anal fin equal in length to half the length of the base of the dorsal. Tail in shape lunated; ventral, pectoral, and anterior part of the dorsal fins, falciform. The lateral line forms an elevated arch over the pectoral fin, its highest part being immediately under the longest ray of the dorsal fin. The colour of this specimen is very beautiful. A bright crimson or vermillion is the prevailing hue, shot or shaded in parts by purple and gold, and studded by silver spots. The fins are an intense vermillion. Mr. Wrightson, who caught it, intends to stuff and preserve the specimen.—*Darlington and Stockton Times*.

## GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

Messrs. HOPE and Co. have announced as nearly ready, a novel, to be entitled, "Eugenie, the Young Landress of the Bastille." It is to be in three volumes, by Marin De La Voie. A communication, says *The Courier*, has recently been turned up from the files of an old Philadelphia paper, in which the writer states that General Lee, of the American army, had privately

avowed himself the author of Junius's Letters. The similarity of the General's style to that of Junius was so manifest as to confirm the declaration. —Mr. James, the novelist, meditates breaking ground in fiction on American soil. Grace Greenwood, in a letter from Boston to *The National Era*, says that G. P. R. James, Esq., has been in Salem collecting materials for a new romance, of the good old time, when elderly ladies, remarkable for personal plainness and a fondness for black cats, and convicted of putting broomsticks to equestrian service, were straightway removed from an indignant community by summary process. —We have glanced, says *The Leader*, over some proof sheets of a work which will make a noise in the world—"Letters on Man's Nature and Development," by Harriet Martineau and Mr. Atkinson—which for boldness of outspokenness on subjects usually glossed over, and for power of philosophic exposition, has few equals. The marvels of mesmerism and clairvoyance are stated with unflinching plainness, as facts admitting of no dispute. Materialism is unequivocally and even eloquently avowed; and phrenology assumes quite a new aspect from the observations and discoveries here recorded. The printing of the book is not yet completed, so that we speak from an imperfect acquaintance; but the sheets we have read excite in us the most eager curiosity for the remainder. —A very remarkable Swedish work has just appeared in Upsala; it is entitled, *Aivaggejo thaish Matthaiu*; or, Fragments of the Gospel of St. Matthew, translated into the Gothic language, with a Vocabulary and Grammar, by Anders Upstrom. It is dedicated to Thore Petré, to whose generous assistance the editor is indebted for the means of bringing out the work. —Ida von Dueringsfeld has published a new novel, *Antonio Foscari*, which is said to be entertaining, and to contain a good picture of Venetian life in the fifteenth century. —Lamartine will receive 120,000fr. for his *Histoire du Directoire*, at which he works fourteen to sixteen hours a-day,—equal to about six thousand pounds of our money. —George Sand has just completed a new drama for Bocage, entitled, *La Famille du Charpentier*. —Most readers, but especially those who have the honour and delight of a personal acquaintance with Humboldt, will feel peculiar satisfaction when we announce to them the expected publication of his biography by Dr. H. Klenke, for which the illustrious philosopher has provided the materials. The interest excited by the announcement in Germany has been so great that the demands already exceed the number of copies struck off, so that a new edition has to be commenced even before the printing of the first is completed.

A more complete list of the "revolutionary" works prohibited by the Neapolitan police, has been made known. Among the works forbidden are Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Heeren's *Historical Treatises*, Ovid, Lucian, Lucretius, Sophocles, Suetonius, Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, E. Girardin, G. Sand, Lamartine, Valéry's *L'Italie*, Goethe, Schiller, Thiers, A. Dumas, Molière, all the German philosophers, and what do you think next? hold your sides—prepare for belief with the faith of a St. Augustine—explain it if you can, but never doubt the fact that our list winds up with the dangerous, anarchical, poisonous *Stephani Thesaurus*! To prohibit a dictionary may fairly be said to have reached the "lowest deep" of unreasoning absurdity. —An extraordinary, and in every point of view valuable collection of letters, illustrative of the life, writings and character of the poet Pope, has just turned unexpectedly up,—and has been secured by Mr. John Wilson Croker for his new edition of the poet's works. The collection consists of a series of letters addressed by Pope to his coadjutor Broome—of copies of Broome's replies—and of many original letters from Fenton (Pope's other coadjutor in the *Odyssey*), also addressed to Broome. —On Monday last, the Vice Chancellor Knight Bruce, granted an injunction, at the suit of Dr. Ollendorff, to restrain Mr. Black from selling any copies of an edition of the *Doctor's New Method of Learning a Language*, which had been pirated at Frankfurt, and imported by Mr. Black from thence. —Blackwood translates some passages from a new novel of German life, which will probably be soon given to English readers, in full. The title is *Anna Hammer*. "It is the first instalment of a series of *Zeitbilder*—sketches of German social and political life during the second quarter of the present century. Its object is the exposure of the oppression and injustice which, in many German states, the people have long endured; of the wanton insolence of the military and aristocracy, the servility and corruption of the courtiers and placemen, and the frequent tyranny of the sovereigns. It is written with temper and moderation, and points to redress of grievances, and to constitutional government—not to subversion and anarchy. The author is no experienced novelist, nor does he pretend to that character; but he writes with a thorough knowledge of his subject, and also with much spirit and dramatic effect, preferring short sentences and pointed dialogue to the long-winded paragraphs and tedious narrative common amongst the romance writers of his country, whom he has evidently preferred for his models to those of France and England.

The following is an account of some of the literary payments made to authors in France. Lamartine, for the single volume of his *Confidences*, received 8,000 dollars.—Chateaubriand, a few years before his death, contracted with a company to sell them, at the price of



4,000 dollars per volume, any new works he might write and desire to print.—Victor Hugo, by contract with his publishers, is paid 3,000 dollars for each new volume with which he may furnish them.—De Balzac, in 1837, entered into a contract with his publisher, Delloye, by which the publisher acquired the property for fifteen years of the works of De Balzac at that time published. The pecuniary consideration paid to the author, was 12,000 dollars cash, and an annuity of 3,000 dollars.—Eugene Sue sold for 9,600 dollars the right of publishing and selling, during five years only, his novel called *Martin, the Foundling, or the Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre*. The work was already in course of publication in the *feuilleton* of *The Constitutionnel*, and the purchaser's rights were confined to France. It was the *Mystères de Paris* that made the great literary name and fortune of Eugene Sue. Previously the remuneration of his literary labours was much more modest. *La Salamandre* was disposed of at 300 dollars per volume. *The Wandering Jew*, after *Les Mystères de Paris*, was sold at 2,000 dollars the volume; and the purchaser made 12,000 by the operation. In August, 1845, *The Constitutionnel*, wishing to secure M. Sue exclusively to itself, made with him a contract which was to last for thirteen years and a half. By its terms the author bound himself to furnish for publication in the *feuilleton* of *The Constitutionnel* not less than four, nor more than six volumes of novels per annum, for which he was to be paid 2,000 dollars per volume on delivery of the manuscript.

Mr. Poole, author of *Paul Pry* and of other works still living and likely to live, has refused to accept the post of one of the Poor Brethren of the Charter House. The reasons for his refusal are, it is said, the want of many common comforts necessary for his health, which it was thought by his friends so rich an institution as Richard Sutton's would have supplied to all "poor brethren" within the walls of the Charterhouse.—The three Principal Professors of the Owen's College, Manchester, have been appointed. Mr. A. J. Scott, whose appointment as Principal we have mentioned, to the chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy; Mr. J. G. Greenwood, to the Professorships of Languages and the Literature of Greece and Rome and of History; Mr. Alexander Sanderson, to the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.—The Council of University College, London, have appointed Mr. J. A. Russell, of the Northern Circuit, Professor of English Law, as successor to the late Mr. Marshman:—and Arthur Hugh Clough, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and now Principal of University Hall, London, to the Professorship of English Language and Literature, vacated by Mr. A. J. Scott, on his becoming Principal of Owen's College, Manchester.—Pensions on the Civil List of 100*l.* a-year each have been granted to George Petrie, Esq., LL.D., and to J. Kitto, Esq., M.D. Mr. Petrie is a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, and Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy of Sciences. He is author of the well-known treatise on the *Round Towers of Ireland*, and of many other antiquarian works. Dr. Kitto has been deaf and dumb from an accident when a boy, in spite of which difficulties he travelled through many lands in connexion with the Missionary Society. With his physical failings he has done much for the cause of biblical literature, and is the author of many works, such as the *Pictorial Bible*, *History of Palestine*, *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, &c. &c.

Parisian booksellers are making rather large sales just now; and they have the agreeable certainty that they will continue to increase every day up to the end of the year. This arises from the time-honoured usage of making presents to ladies and children on New Year's day—a usage as sacred in France as the celebration of Christmas in English families.—Among the new publications advertised in Paris, we notice a book entitled "Love Letters" (*Lettres d'Amour*).—The author, M. Julien Lemer, has had the curious idea of collecting in one volume the most celebrated love letters—the *chefs-d'œuvre* of tender correspondence—a style of composition in which France has always been pre-eminent. Héloïse, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mlle. de l'Espérance, Rousseau, and Mirabeau hold their places.—Mr. Harris, of Alexandria, in a letter of the 12th ult. to a correspondent of *The Athenæum*, gives some curious information about the discovery of more of a Papyrus of Homer.—A Newcastle paper gives the following interesting fact illustrative of the rapid spread of intellectual culture among a large and deserving class of the population of this district:—A bookseller in the market, in this town, recently had upon his stall ten copies of Emerson's work on Fluxions, all of which he sold at 7*s.* 6*d.* a copy to pitmen. He said they were by far his best customers, and that a standard mathematical work never laid long on his stall, being secured by them as a prize. On a subsequent day, at the same stall, were three men; one bought a work on Algebra, another requested a Greek Delectus, the third perusing a Spanish Grammar. These men were all hewers of coal.—Treating the question of Taxes on Knowledge in its literary point of view, Mr. Chambers remarked that he thought it very strange indeed that the present Government in particular should not by all possible means promote the diffusion of popular literature; but instead of that they obstructed it by the operation of the paper tax. For example—the *Miscellany of Tracts*, published by his firm, was closed as non-remunerative, with a steady sale of 80,000; while it was calculated

that this work, up to the end of last year, had paid 6,220*l.* of duty. "Now, had not this money been taken by the Government, we might have been advised to continue the work. There was a business stopped which distributed 180,000*l.* a year, in the employment of labour and the profits of retail trade—there was an organ of intelligence and morality for the people of this country closed by the Government, as effectually as if they had sent the police to break the presses. To illustrate this matter farther, we have since set a-going a similar work, but at 1*l.* a sheet, and on a somewhat more ambitious principle as to the grade of subjects and style of treatment. Driven from the penny field by the paper duty, we try that of three half-pence. But of this series of sheets, the sale is under one-half of the former. The higher price appears to be the chief cause why the sale is thus restricted. The work, we trust, does a great deal of good; all pure and well-meant literature must do so. As the profit, however, is but small, this work may perhaps have to be given up also."—*The Times* has the following on the subject of the African Exploring Expedition:—"We have received intelligence from the Saharan African Expedition up to the 29th of August last. The Expedition had literally fought its way up to Selonfeet in Aheer, near to the territory of the Kailouee Prince, En-Nour, to whom it is recommended. Mr. Richardson had been obliged to ransom his life and those of his fellow travellers twice. The whole population of the northern districts of Aheer had been raised against the expedition, joined by all the bandits and robbers who infest that region of the Sahara. The travellers are now in comparative security. . . . The great Soudan route, from Ghat to Aheer, is now explored."

## THE SCRAP BOOK.

### THE BUGLE SONG.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory—  
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!  
O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, further going!  
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle! answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!  
O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill, on field, on river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow for ever and for ever—  
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ENGLAND'S ROCKS.—But we have other sources of power, in the imagery of our iron coasts and azure hills: of power more pure, nor less serene, than that of the hermit spirit which once lighted with white lines of cloisters the glades of the Alpine pine, and raised into ordered spires the wild rocks of the Norman sea; which gave to the temple gate the depth and darkness of Elijah's Horeb cave; and lifted, out of the populous city, greg cliffs of lonely stone, into the midst of sailing birds and silent air."—*Rushin*.

A late number of *Notes and Queries* treats its readers to this ingenious solution of a puzzling epitaph:—"The following curious epitaph was found in a foreign cathedral:—

#### EPITAPHIUM.

O quid tunc  
be est bis;  
ra ra ra  
es et in  
ram ram ram  
il.

"The following is plainly the solution of the last four lines:—

"*ra, ra, ra*, is thrice *ra*, i. e., *ter-ra=terra*.  
"*ram, ram, ram*, is thrice *ram*, i. e., *ter-ram=terram*.  
"*il* is twice *i*, i. e., *i-bis=ibis*.  
"Thus the last four lines are—

"*Terra es et in terram ibis*."

"Can any one furnish a solution of the two first lines?  
J. BDN."

[We would suggest that the first two lines are to be read "*O super be, quid super est tunc super bis*," and the epitaph will then be—

"*O superbe quid superest tunc superbis*,  
*Terra es, et in terram ibis*.—Ed. *Notes and Queries*."

## THE FUN OF THE TIME.

"DR. PARR," said a young student once to the old linguist, "let you and I write a book." "Very well," replied the doctor, "put in all that I know, and all that you don't know, and we'll make a big one."

A SAILOR'S IDEA OF GOOD MEAT.—Warburton, in his account of a voyage up the Nile, gives an amusing instance of the singular opinion held by sailors. He says:—"on arriving at Kench we gave

the crew a feast, consisting of an old ram, preferred by them to young mutton, because it stood more chewing."

A Frenchman travelling in London to survey the Condition of England question, came recently on the inscription on the Royal Exchange—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof"—which he took to be a reference to the peers—making his note "*la terre est au Lords*." He applied to a friend for the legal authority for this formula.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

### THE NEW YEAR.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

"Here's a health to the young New Year, hurra!  
Here's a health to the young New Year!  
We can spare for the past neither sigh nor tear,  
For the future we care not a straw;  
But the present is ours, and our toast is *The Now*!  
So bid the rich wine in your goblets glow!  
Hurra for the blithe New Year!  
May its race be a merry and rare one!  
Let the clouds on its sky disappear,  
Ere they brew the dark tempest of fear  
Or launch forth its lightnings to scare one!  
Hip, hip, for the ditty and dance!  
Hip, hip for the riot and revel!  
Hurra for Love's lips and Glee's glance,  
And away with dull care to the Devil!  
Pour the wine, gallant comrades, each goblet fill up,  
Let it foam in each flask, let it cream in each cup!"

And loud waxed the wantonness, high rose the glee,  
As they drank to the newborn year;  
But nigh to that banquet of wassailry,  
Were others that hailed it with fear,—  
With fear and with doubt and with hope,—for o'er all  
Doth Hope let its mantle of blessedness fall!

In the dusky cell of a mansion rude,  
Where the foot of the fortunate doth not intrude,—  
Whence the famishing beggar is driven with a curse,  
Since he hath not to pawn e'en the clasps of his purse,—  
Whence the sick and the suppliant are sent with a frown,  
And the heart of the owner is hard as a stone;  
The fetid oil of a sordid lamp  
Sheds a ghastly glare in that cellar damp;  
But the red gold shines in the iron-clamp chest,  
And the Pawnbroker gloats on the things he loves best.  
'Now a health to the young New Year!' quoth he;  
'May its course like the last bring wealth to me;  
'May the widow's mite and the orphan's meal  
'Add to the wealth those walls conceal!  
'Here lie jewels, torn from the brow  
'Of a gay courtesan; and here, below  
'The bracelet was gift of a crowned king,  
'Lies a starving mother's wedding-ring;  
'Here flash the gems of a peeress proud—  
'A bribe to her paramour's menaces loud;  
'And here a poor man's pan of tin  
'By his wife pawned to purchase a glass of gin!  
'So a health to the fresh New Year!' But the draught  
Was deadly cold; for the miser quaffed  
No wholesome wine nor well-spiced ale,  
But the water ice-chilled from the frosty pail;  
And the half-formed icicles stuck in his throat,  
And the rattle of death in his guttled wrought;  
And struggling and strangled the miser fell  
A corpse—'midst the riches he loved so well.

In a cottage neat, on a woodland lea,  
Two MATRONS sat caringly;  
The face of one, all smiles, seemed made  
To make a sunshine even of shade;  
The other's, with no less of grace,  
Of thoughtful fears showed deeper trace:  
'Now, sister sweet, said the first with a smile,  
'Let us drink a toast to the young New Year!  
'May it bring us both (though many a mile  
'Now parts us) our two Williams dear.—  
She raised the cup of elder wine  
To her lips, with a flashing smile,  
For her sanguine breast had no fear for its guest,  
But her sister wept the while;  
Yet she drank the draught with an inward prayer  
That the year might pass undimmed by care!  
Ere the year shall pass the grave shall open  
Its yawning doors for that child of Hope;  
Whilst she, that fearful one, shall rest  
In bridal bliss on her William's breast!

And thus with blended hopes and fears,  
Goes out, comes in, the breath of years;  
And thus do mirth and madness drink  
Their toasts, while tottering on the brink  
Of death or danger! Thus we see  
The future,—not as it shall be,—  
But as one doubts, our hopes, foretell,  
Beneath a false deceptive spell.  
Yet still, with thankful hearts, and prayer  
That best can battle with despair,—  
With hope in Heaven, and hands to aid  
The helpless, sunk in sorrow's shade;  
Let us hail with voices glad and clear  
The birth of the young, of the fresh New Year!

1851.

## SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

More than 3000 Roman silver medals have just been discovered by a poor vine grower in the neighbourhood of Nismes, in a field belonging to him. They were enclosed in an earthen urn. Another small urn was near it, containing 162 medals of pure gold. The latter, which weighed 867 grammes, were sold to the town of Nismes, and to some amateurs, at the rate of 115*f.* per ounce. They consist of 2 of Julius Cæsar, 14 of Tra-

Jan, 26 Vespasian, 5 Nero, 17 Antoninus, 16 Domitian, 11 Adrian, 3 Commodus, 5 Lucius Verus, 10 Faustinus, 1 Faustina, 2 Septimus Severus, 1 Plotinus, 1 Lucilla (the wife of Antoninus), 1 Nerva, 1 Sabinus, 1 Didius Julianus, 1 Pertinax, and 2 of Aurelian. Out of the silver medals, only 1500 have been saved; the others were melted down by a silversmith, to whom they had been sold.

**THE EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.**—It has been computed that the United States have a frontier line of 10,750 miles, a sea-coast of 5,130 miles, and a lake-coast of 1,160 miles. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the noble Hudson has a navigation in the "Empire State" 120 miles longer than the Thames. Within Louisiana are bayous and creeks, almost unknown, that would shame by comparison the Tiber or Seine. The State of Virginia alone is one third larger than England. The State of Ohio contains 3,000 square miles more than Scotland. The harbour of New York receives the vessels that navigate rivers, canals, and lakes to the extent of 3,000 miles,—equal to the distance from America to Europe. From the capital of Maine to the "Crescent City" is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople,—a route that would cross England, Belgium, a part of Prussia, Austria, and Turkey.—*National Intelligence.*

George Copway, our Indian friend Kah-ge-gah-bowh, is now making a profitable and convenient tour through England and Scotland, having been admitted to all the honours of lionism after his debut at the Peace Congress. There is a vast deal of organized machinery in England to support a notability which seem to be employed in putting Mr. Copway through handsomely. At last accounts, by a brilliant show hill before us, emanating from a "Scottish Temperance League Office, 30, St. Enoch-square, Glasgow," the "Executive Committee have much pleasure in announcing the Rev. G. C., formerly K.G., G.G.B., &c., Vice-President of the General Council of the Ojibway nation of North American Indians, &c., for a Temperance Address at Nile Street Chapel." This is very Pickwickian. For something more racy and idiomatic *The Tribune* prints a letter from Copway, from which we gather his opinions of matters and things as he sees them. England, he says, is overrun by religious controversies, which opens a fine prospect for peace orations when the Congress has expunged war and battle in the usual more objective form. "The Germans," he thinks, "are great and profound thinkers, and literary searchers; yet when they have found out a principle heretofore unknown, so slow are they, that others take the idea, and are off with it, half round the world, before they move in the matter." "The greatest enemy," he further maintains, "the Englishman has is his belly." The generous treatment America has extended to the Swedish nightingale, he says, has caused "the English" to pronounce us fools, ready for strait jackets, &c., "while for the letter I wrote about Jenny Lind, before I left Liverpool for Germany, I have had the fingers of the dirty faced, one eyed, and cork legged penny papers here, in my hair. I enjoy their excitement." Copway, you are right.—*New York Literary World.*

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### MARRIAGES.

**HOSE—HORNET.**—On the 19th December, at St. Mary-at-Hill, by the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, Head Master of the City of London School, assisted by the Rev. Charles Brady, M.A., Henry Judge Hose, Esq., B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Mathematical Lecturer at St. Peter's College, Westminster, to Ann, eldest daughter of Benjamin Hornby, Esq., of Eastcheap.

**SHERIDAN—WOOD.**—On the 10th December, at St. Peter's Church, Walworth, by the Rev. Thomas Smithett, M.A. uncle of the bride, Henry Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. of No. 3, Onslow-square, Brompton, to Elizabeth Frances, eldest surviving daughter of the Rev. John Wood, of Great Malvern, and Canterbury-house, Walworth.

### DEATHS.

**ABRAHAM.**—On the 11th December, at his house, York-terrace, Regent's Park, from an affection of the heart, Robert Abraham, Esq., F.S.A., in his 77th year. Among other works by which he is well-known, we may point to the County Fire Office which forms so prominent a feature in Regent-street, and the Westminster New Bridewell.

**GREENHILL.**—On the 20th December, at 18, Cunningham-place, St. John's-wood, after a very short illness, George Greenhill, Esq., late of Stationer's-hall, in his 85th year.

**JEXON.**—On the 19th December, at Würzburg, Bavaria, Mdlle. Caroline Junot, the eldest daughter of Schiller.

**MORITZ.**—Late, at the Hague, the well known Dutch painter Moritz, aged 77.

**RITCHIE.**—Late, at Rome, of malaria, Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, of Edinburgh.

**ROSCOE.**—A few days since, Mr. Robert Roscoe, the third son of the historian, in his 61st year. For some time this gentleman followed the profession of the law, in partnership with the late Mr. Edgar Taylor; but he retired from active life, in consequence of infirm health, many years ago. Like all the members of the Roscoe family, he had more than literary taste—literary powers, which an unusual amount of self-distrust prevent his exercising largely.

**ROYER-COLLARD.**—After a long illness, a well-known member of the Medical profession, M. Hippolyte Royer-Collard, Professor at the Faculty of Medicine in Paris.

**STURGEON.**—On Sunday sennight, at Prestwich, William Sturgeon, Esq., the eminent electrician. He was the inventor of the soft-iron electro-magnet used in the structure of the electric telegraph, and an ingenious experimentalist in this branch of physical science. For several years he occupied the chair of Experimental Philosophy at Addiscombe.

**SUTHERLAND.**—On the 15th December, at 1, Windsor-street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Harriet Sutherland only daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Highley, of Fleet-street, London.

**WALLACE.**—On the 25th December, Mrs. Wallace, wife of Mr. J. Wallace, the comedian, and a daughter of the celebrated "Jack Johnstone."

## PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.

A COMMERCIAL traveller for a London publishing house states that a check has been given to the printing of copies of the Book of Common Prayer, from the anticipation generally entertained that, at the instance of the episcopal authorities and other dignitaries of the Church of England, some modification of an Evangelical tendency will be introduced into the Liturgy.

## Books, Music, and Works of Art

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

From December 15, to January 1, 1851.

[Some errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. KENNEDY.  
The Douglas Family.

From Mr. NEWBY.  
Bathurst. 3 vols.  
Bertha. 3 vols.

From Messrs. MITCHELL and Co.  
Phillip of France.

From Mr. E. WILSON.  
Popery in Power.  
Treatise on British Mining, &c.

From Messrs. CHAMBERS.  
The British Museum.  
From Messrs. REEVE and BENHAM.  
Episodes of Insect Life.

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Extract of a Letter from Mr. Matthew Harvey, of Chapel Hall, Airdrie, Scotland, dated the 15th of January, 1850.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.  
Sir,—Your valuable Pills have been the means, with God's blessing, of restoring me to a state of perfect health, and at a time when I thought I was on the brink of the grave. I had consulted several eminent doctors, who, after doing what they could for me, stated that they considered my case as hopeless. I ought to say that I had been suffering from a Liver and Stomach complaint of long standing, which during the last two years got so much worse, that every one considered my condition as hopeless. I, as a last resource, got a box of your Pills, which soon gave relief, and, by persevering in their use for some weeks, together with rubbing night and morning your Ointment over my chest and stomach, and right side, I have by their means alone got completely cured, and to the astonishment of myself and every body who knows me.

(Signed) MATTHEW HARVEY.

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Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Smith, of No. 5, Little Thomas-street, Gibson-street, Lambeth, dated Dec. 12, 1849. To Professor HOLLOWAY.

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(Signed) WILLIAM SMITH.

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11	1	9	3	1	7	0	50	4	1	9	3	13	3
13	1	11	3	1	8	10	53	4	11	6	4	2	6
20	1	14	4	1	11	6	56	5	4	0	4	14	0
23	1	17	0	1	13	0	60	6	6	0	5	12	6
26	2	0	3	1	16	2	63	7	4	0	6	9	6
30	2	5	0	1	19	9	66	8	4	0	7	10	8
33	2	8	6	2	2	10	70	10	0	4	9	7	6
36	2	13	0	2	6	4	73	11	16	2	11	2	6
40	2	19	9	2	12	0	76				13	1	9
43	3	5	3	2	17	2	80				15	12	10

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